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1909

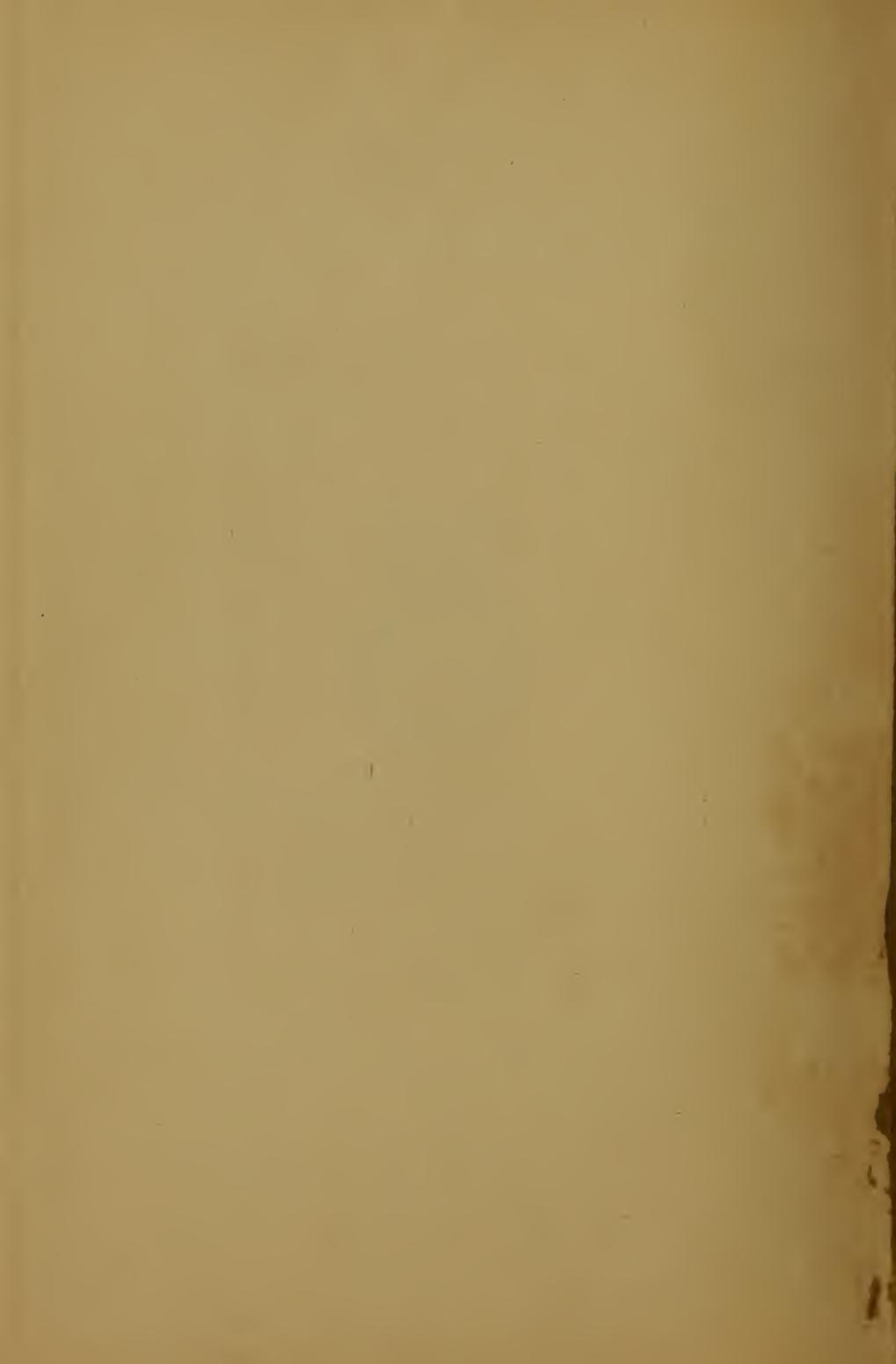


Class PS 3507

Book E 542 S7

GPO

1909



STRONGHEART.

CHARACTERS.

NOTE:—In the following cast the characters **are** named in the order in which they first appear.

TAYLOR, a sophomore.

Ross, a freshman.

READE, a "grind."

THORNE, a Special.

FRED SKINNER, a sport.

FRANK NELSON, a Senior.

DICK LIVINGSTON, a Junior.

"BILLY" SAUNDERS, a Senior (by courtesy)

SIEGFRIED, a Mascot.

SOANGATAHA, known as "Strongheart", a "P. G."

MRS. NELSON, Frank's mother.

MOLLY LIVINGSTON, Dick's sister.

BETTY BATES, Molly's chum.

MAUD WESTON, Molly's chum's friend.

DOROTHY NELSON, Frank's sister.

NASH, a back.

TAD, a rubber.

JOSH, a trainer.

BUCKLEY, head coach, a "grad."

FARLEY, manager of the visiting team.

BUTLER, at Nelson's.

BLACK EAGLE, a messenger.

Fifteen extra men for members of team and substitutes in second act. Seven used in last act.

NOTE:—The parts of NASH and TAYLOR may be combined.

COSTUMES.

TAYLOR—Act I and IV—Sack suit—cap. Act II—Football uniform. Act III—Evening dress.

ROSS—Act I and IV—Sack suit—cap. Act II—Football uniform. Act III—Evening dress.

READE—Act I and II—Sack suit—badly fitting—spectacles. Act III—Evening dress—badly fitting.

THORNE—Act I and IV—Sack suit—cap. Act II—Football uniform. Act III—Evening dress.

SKINNER—Business suit—rather loud colors—Derby hat.

FRANK—Act I and IV—Sack suit—cap. Act II Football uniform. Act III—Evening dress.

DICK—Act I and IV—Sack suit—cap. Act II—Football uniform. Act III—Evening dress.

BILLY—Act I—Sack suit and cap. Act II—Football uniform. Act III—Evening dress. Act IV—Sack suit, cap and white sweater.

STRONGHEART—Act I and IV—Sack suit and cap.—Act II—Football uniform.—Act III—Evening dress.

MRS. NELSON—Afternoon dress and hat.

MOLLY—Act I—Afternoon dress and hat. Act III—Evening dress. Act IV—Walking dress.

MAUD and BETTY—Act I—Afternoon dress and hat. Act III—Evening dress.

DOROTHY—Act I—Afternoon dress. Act III—Evening dress. Act IV—Simple afternoon dress—without hat.

NASH—Act II—Football uniform. Act IV—Sack suit.

TAD and JOSH—Old trousers and plain sweaters—caps.

BUCKLEY—Sack suit, long light overcoat—soft hat.

FARLEY—Sack suit, long light overcoat—soft hat.

BUTLER—Black coat and trousers.

BLACK EAGLE—Blue sack suit, flannel shirt, moccasins. Loose red tie. Broad-brimmed felt hat. Long hair—falling under his coat.

ACT I.—Rooms of **FRANK NELSON** and **DICK LIVINGSTON**, at Columbia.

ACT II.—Two days later. Dressing-room of the Columbia foot-ball team at the Polo Grounds.

ACT III.—Evening of the same day. Library in the home of the **NELSON'S**.

ACT IV.—The next day. Same as ACT III.

PLACE.—New York City.

TIME.—The present.

SIDE PROPERTIES OFF STAGE.

R. 1 E.—*One large coffee pot. One brightly colored clean shirt. One large white wash basin. Two large tablespoons.*

R. 3 E.—*Two books in strap. (THORNE) Several packages, crackers, etc. (FRANK) Package of six coarse white cups and saucers. (DICK) Dachshund, tied with blue and white ribbons. (BILLY) Large pile of packages, crackers, etc. (ROSS) One large paper bag of tea. (TAYLOR) Samovar. (READE).*

R. 3 E.—*Bedroom pitcher of hot water.*

Three envelopes with enclosures supposed to be signals for THORNE, DICK and FARLEY. FARLEY'S should look as if it had been through the mail.

STRONGHEART.

ACT I.

SCENE:—*Room of FRANK and DICK at Columbia.*
A typical college room furnished in bright colors.
Door to FRANK's room R. 1 E. Door to hall
R. 5 E. facing down stage. Door to DICK's room
and study L. 3 E. Large bay window at back c.
On curtain pole hang three brightly colored
ladies' stockings, hung so they may be taken
down easily. Window seat filled with blue and
white cushions. A book on the seat also. Large
box couch and cushions down R. c. Square flat
top desk with papers, pen and ink, poker chips,
copy of "Columbia Spectator," books and gen-
eral litter. Practical drawer on R. side of desk,
down stage. Desk is L. c. near curtain line.
Piano and stool L. 1 E. Music, two champagne
bottles tied with blue and white ribbons, an old
dirty foot ball and other decorations. A chair
R. of desk and back of it. Another desk of dif-
ferent shape below R. 1 E. A table knife on it.
Mantel and fireplace above door R. 3 E. A "dol-
lar clock" on mantel set at 23 minutes to fire at
rise. Hat-rack below it. Rugs on floor. Cur-
tains at window. Photographs, pictures, Colum-
bia banners, general athletic trophies, football
posters, American Indian curios, warbonnets,
etc., decorative pictures, signs, girls' photos on
mantel and walls, all in good taste. Bookcases
in upper left hand corner. A pair of lady's

slippers and general junk on top, a guitar leaning against the bookcases and six decorated plates on shelf.

Overture "STRONGHEART" by Theodoro Bendix. Plays five minutes. House down on second occurrence of "Indian dance." Curtain up just before end of overture. Act runs thirty minutes. Curtain rises on empty stage. After a pause TAYLOR is heard calling off.

TAYLOR. O Frank! Hello Frank! O Fra-a-an_k!
(enters) Frank! I wonder where they are. *(goes to r. 1 and looks in)* Frank are you there? *(crosses to door l. 3)* O Dick! *(going down stage)* Not back yet. *(crosses below desk and picks up copy of "Spectator")* Hello, "Spec"’s out. *(sits r. of desk and reads. Feet up on desk)*

Ross. *(calling outside)* Oh, Nelson! *(enters r. 3.)* Oh—hello, Taylor. *(cross down to TAYLOR)*

TAYLOR. *(not looking up)* Hello, Freshie.

Ross. Nelson in?

TAYLOR. Nope. He and Dick went off to buy grub for this tea effect. Guess they haven’t got back yet.

Ross. Oh! *(crosses and sits on couch)* Say, I hear Dick Livingston’s sister is quite a ripper.

TAYLOR. *(deep in paper)* Um-m-m-m—.

Ross. *(making another effort at conversation)* Buckley gave us some pretty hard play to-day, didn’t he?

TAYLOR. *(shortly)* Nope.

Ross. *(rising and crossing to him, exasperated)* Well, what do you call hard play, anyhow?

TAYLOR. *(looking up, hot)* Say, Freshie, don’t you know enough to not talk to a man when he’s reading football news?

Ross. But, I just wanted to—

TAYLOR. Oh, shut up. I’m busy.

(Ross crosses and sits on couch very subdued. Enter R. 3, READE, a small man and a typical grind.)
READE. (crossing down c.) Is Frank here?

TAYLOR. (with an air of resignation) No, he isn't. (starts to read again)

READE. Oh! He asked me to come over early and help get things ready for the girls. (to Ross) How long has practice been over?

Ross. About half an hour.

READE. (crossing down L. of desk) I didn't think the coach would let you fellows take in things like teas, with the big game only two days off.

(Pushes TAYLOR'S feet off desk. TAYLOR makes a "swipe" at him with paper. READE straightens things at desk.)

Ross. O Buckley's all right. He said we could come if we didn't eat, drink or smoke.

READE. Well, I never could see how grown men could give up so much just to roll around in the mud with a piece of pigskin.

Ross. Well, it's because—

TAYLOR. (slamming down his paper) Say, Reade, you make me tired. You know perfectly well that when the game comes off, you'll be up in the rooter's stand screaming yourself blue in the face for Columbia.

Columbia. (imitates action of giving Columbia yell)

READE. Oh, I like to see the old college win.

TAYLOR. You bet you do. And then you come here looking sanctimonious and you preach on the evils of athletics. But you'd better not do it this afternoon, that's all. (READE starts to say, "why" and crosses slowly to c.) Because every man here will be a football man from Frank, the Captain of the team, down to that little Freshie substitute over there on the sofa.

(Ross sat upon again puts his head down among the cushions and his feet up on the up stage end of the couch.)

Ross. I heard Strongheart tell Frank he'd be over.

READE. (*interested*) What, that Indian chap?

TAYLOR. Well, you can just 't; Frank and Dick wouldn't have any sort of a kick-up unless Strongheart was in it.

Ross. Why, it's a Damon and two Pythiases.

READE. (*shocked at his break*) Pythiæ.

TAYLOR. The boys call 'em the Siamese Triplets.

READE. (*crossing to couch*) Well, what makes them so thick anyhow? (*pushes Ross's feet off couch, brushes place and sits*)

TAYLOR. Oh, the Indian saved Frank's life, or did some such melodramatic stunt out west three years ago. He's a Carlisle grad. you know.

READE. He seems to be a very intelligent fellow. They say he knows an awful lot of Pol. Econ.

TAYLOR. Pol. Econ. be blowed. He knows an awful lot of football and that's what counts.

READE. (*rising and crossing to him, arguing*) Now, I don't agree with you. A fellow doesn't come to college—

TAYLOR. (*hitting him on the arm with the "Spec."*) Oh, all right, all right. But for Heaven's sake don't get started on that tack.

THORNE. (*entering r. 3. Puts hat and books on rack and crosses to c.*) Hello, boys, I've got a message for you.

TAYLOR and Ross. Hello, Thorne.

THORNE. Frank and Dick are coming right over. (*slaps READE on back*) They sent me on ahead to ask you chaps to run down the steps. (*takes paper from TAYLOR and slams it on desk*) and get some English breakfast tea and—er—some delicatessen things, you know, appetizer stuff—caviar and all that

truck. (*pulls out READE's tie and crosses down L of desk*)

Ross. Gee, they've got a nerve!

(READE turns and looks at Ross.)

TAYLOR. Shut up Freshie!

THORNE. (*sitting on desk, looking at "Spec"*) Oh, and they want one of you to go over to Barnard and borrow a samovar.

TAYLOR. (*rising and crossing to READE*) All right! Hey Reade (*slaps him on back*) you run with the Barnyard fowls, it's up to you. (*turning him toward door*)

READE. I'm—there's nothing like making your guests work.

TAYLOR. Well, why didn't you stay home, then?

READE. (*going*) Oh, I'm not grumbling, I'll go. (*goes to r. 3, slowly. Stops at pipe rack and straightens pipes*)

TAYLOR. Now don't stay too long. We want that thing back before five o'clock.

READE. All right. (*exits slowly r. c.*)

THORNE. By the way boys, did you hear about Strongheart?

TAYLOR & Ross. (*anxiously*) No. What?

THORNE. The doctor says that tendon of his is all right again, and he can play in the Thanksgiving game.

Ross. (*jumping up*) Gee that's great!

TAYLOR. (*jubilantly*) Thank the Lord! If he plays behind the line it's our game! (*to Ross*) Next to Dick Livingston he's the best back in America.

Ross. (*crossing to him*) Still it seems to me——

TAYLOR. (*grabbing him by shoulders and taking him up r. 3*) Shut up Fresh, come on and get those things.

(ENTER SKINNER R. 3.)

SKINNER. (*in door*) Is Mr. Thorne here?

TAYLOR. Yes, Thorne, someone to see you.

(TAYLOR and Ross *bow very obsequiously and exit laughing quietly*. SKINNER crosses toward c.)

THORNE. (*crossing to SKINNER*) Why, Skinner, (*shaking hands and passing on to r. 3*) what are you doing up here? (*looks out door and then closes it*)

SKINNER. I've been chasing you from one end of this joint to the other for half an hour. Then they told me you were here.

THORNE. (r. c. *above couch*) Well, what's up?

SKINNER. Well, you and I are in a pretty bad fix. Haven't you heard the news from the enemy's camp?

THORNE. No. What is it?

SKINNER. (*up c.*) Warren's laid up with a bad leg, and the result is that the odds have swung around to five to three on Columbia.

THORNE. (*startled*) And—have you put the money all up?

SKINNER. Every red cent! (THORNE *moves down c.*) You told me that Columbia had no chance to win. That it was a sure thing to bet against her. So I not only put up all your dough, but a big wad of my own. (*crossing down to THORNE*) Why the devil did you give me that tip, if you weren't sure?

THORNE. I was sure. (*crosses to l. c.*) But I couldn't count on their best man being laid up. It's worse than that now—Strongheart's going to play Thursday.

SKINNER. What are you going to do? Can you get any cash to hedge?

THORNE. No. Every cent I could borrow is up on the game now. If Columbia wins, I shall be filling the interesting position of a ruined man. Sounds quite imposing, doesn't it?

SKINNER. (*sitting on couch and taking out cigarette*) I'll be pretty hard hit myself.

THORNE. (*crossing to SKINNER*) Look here Skinner, suppose I guarantee that Columbia won't win. Will you put up another thousand on my account?

SKINNER. (*looking at him hard*) What sort of a guarantee can you give me?

THORNE. (*taking letter from pocket*) These are the signals we are going to use in Thursday's game.

SKINNER. (*rising and speaking abruptly*) You're going to send that list to Farley, the manager of the other team?

THORNE. Now don't get excited. It's our only chance. If they know our signals, Columbia can't possibly win. (*crosses to desk*)

SKINNER. If I were a college man, I'd see myself ruined and damned too, before I'd do a dirty trick like this, to win a few thousand.

THORNE. (*crossing to SKINNER, mad*) Look here, Skinner, don't you suppose it's hard enough for me to do this without you're rubbing it in? (*trying to justify himself*) I didn't mean to go in so far, but I can't back out now. Besides you know I'm not doing it for the money. (*crosses to desk*)

SKINNER. Yes, I know. You're just doing it because Farley will feel so bad if he loses. (*sits*)

THORNE. (*crossing up to window*) No, I'm doing it because, well, because I have reasons.

SKINNER. (*businesslike*) You'll have to be a little more definite than that, if I'm going to give you a thousand on the strength of those reasons.

THORNE. (*crossing to desk, leaning on back of chair*) Well, then I'll tell you. You know Dick Livingston?

SKINNER. Your right half back? Yes.

THORNE. Well, he happens to think a good deal of a young lady in whom I'm very much interested.

SKINNER. I bet it's that Nelson girl—

THORNE. (*shutting him off quickly*) Perhaps. When I saw that he was seriously interfering with the progress of my affair, I waited for my chance, which came the other night in the shape of a game of poker. When we broke up he owed me three thousand dollars. He didn't have the money to pay it, so I persuaded him to borrow three thousand more from different fellows and put it up on the game.

SKINNER. Oh, I see. Of course he's backing Columbia?

THORNE. That's the game. I sent him to see you. Is his money up yet?

SKINNER. No. It'll go up this afternoon.

THORNE. Good. Then when Columbia loses he'll be six thousand dollars in the hole and as he can't get it, he'll have to leave college. (*crosses up to window*)

SKINNER. Leaving the field clear for you.

THORNE. (*crossing down to Skinner*) Yes. So now you see why Columbia mustn't win. (*crosses to desk*)

SKINNER. (*rising*) Yes, I see. My boy I've never worked a crooked deal in my life, but if you want to make a fool of yourself, I'd be an ass not to make something out of it.

THORNE. (*a little anxiously*) Then you'll fix that extra thousand for me?

SKINNER. (*after thinking*) Sure.

THORNE. (*relieved, speaking lightly*) All right. Here are the signals. (*crosses and starts to hand them to Skinner. Then holds them back*) Wait, I guess I'd better mail these myself, then they won't go astray. (*crosses desk*)

SKINNER. Just as you like. (*starts up stage to door*) Well, I've got to cut if I expect to get Livingston's money up to-day. (FRANK heard whistling "Faculty Song" off R. 3. THORNE moves up to window) I said I'd telegraph him when it was fixed. So long.

THORNE. (*looking at book, at window*) So long.

(Enter FRANK carrying several packages of uneedas and zuzus. He wears a "C" sweater over his coat. The body of the sweater over his back the "C" showing, the sleeves tied around his neck. Also wears a "C" cap. Stands above couch facing SKINNER waiting for him to go.)

SKINNER. (*embarrassed*) How are you, Captain? How's the team?

FRANK. (*coldly*) All right, thank you.

SKINNER. (*more embarrassed*) Well, I'm off. Be good, boys. (*exits R. 3*)

FRANK. What's that chap Skinner doing here, Ralph?

THORNE. (*still looking at book*) Oh, he followed me up here. He wants me to put up some money on Columbia.

FRANK. Did you do it?

THORNE. No.

FRANK. That's the cheese. (*crossing to desk speaking*) I haven't any use for an athlete who bets on the game he's playing in. (*looks at clock on mantel*) Great Cæsar's Ghost! It's quarter of five. We'll have to hustle up to get things ready by the time those girls come. Here, fix these on plates will you? I've got to look for the tea pot. (*runs to R. 1*)

THORNE. Where are the plates!

FRANK. Top shelf of my book case, next to Cicero. (*exits R. 1*)

(THORNE gets plates and takes them to desk. FRANK enters immediately.)

FRANK. (*holding up a big tin coffee pot*) I guess this is a coffee pot. But it'll have to do. (*smells it*) Gee whiz, I forgot. I lent it to Tommy Nash, and he didn't wash it. (*smells it again*) He used it for

beer. It's got to be washed. (*pulls up sleeves*) Say, it's great that Strongheart can play Thursday, isn't it. With him and Dick behind the line we ought to win out.

THORNE. Yes, we ought to.

DICK. (*calling off r. 3*) Oh, Frank.

FRANK. Hello.

DICK. Are you upstairs?

FRANK. Yes. Hurry up. (*to THORNE*) Here comes Dick. I'll just leave these things to him. He has an artistic eye. (*enter DICK carrying package of six large coarse cups and saucers*) Did you get the cups, Dick?

DICK. (*crossing down c.*) Yes. These are the best I could get though without going way down town. They're sort of cheesy, aren't they? (*crosses and sits on sofa. Holds up one of the cups*)

FRANK. Oh, they'll do. The girls won't expect much delicate stuff up here. Just help Ralph fix things up, while I scour this darned thing. (*exits r. 1*)

DICK. (*unwrapping china*) All right, old man.

THORNE. (*at top of desk*) Well, Dick, I see the odds favor Columbia to-day.

DICK. Yes. But gee whiz I was a sad ass to let you take that three thousand off me.

THORNE. Oh, there's not the slightest hurry about it.

DICK. (*stacking cups in his arm*) If you knew my old man you wouldn't say that. He says he doesn't mind paying a few thousands for breaking up a freshman dinner, or bailing me out when I get pinched. (*crosses to desk with cups and saucers*) But he's put his number 10 and a half D down hard when it comes to gambling. (*puts down saucers on word "hard."* *Cups down during following speech*) He says if that's all I can learn at college, the sooner I'm out of it the better.

THORNE. (*dropping poker chips in box*) Can't you call the bill "Athletic Expenses?"

DICK. (*decidedly*) No. I'm going to play fair. If the jig's up why then it's time to stop dancing. But don't say anything to Frank about it, I don't want him to know what a chump he's got for a room-mate.

(THORNE reassures him.)

FRANK. (*entering rubbing coffee pot with shirt*) Say old man, there isn't a spare towel in the place so I borrowed a clean shirt from you.

DICK. (*rising*) What! Oh, all right. (*crosses to c.*)

FRANK. Say, have you got that list of signals for Billy Saunders?

DICK. (*taking signals from inside pocket*) Yes, here they are. (*THORNE at first mention of signals moves up to window and watches closely where DICK puts signals*) I'll leave them here for him? (*puts in drawer of desk. Closes drawer*)

FRANK. We'll never be ready by five, it's four minutes of now. Hurry up and dress and let Ralph fix things up.

(FRANK exits r. 1. DICK crosses to couch, gets hat and wrapping paper and exits l. 3, humming. When they are off THORNE comes quickly down to desk and takes his list from his pocket and exchanges it for DICK's, puts his list in drawer and DICK's list in his pocket.)

THORNE. (*while changing signals*) Dick's to Farley, mine here. Now if anything happens it's up to Dick. What luck, by Jove, what luck.

BILLY. (*outside*) Hello you yaps in there (*THORNE slams drawer and sits on desk*) is it time for the pampered guests to arrive? (*enters r. 3.*)

Is a big man and has a dachshund tied with blue and white ribbons on a leash. Crosses to c.) Hello, Thorne.

THORNE. Hello Billy.

BILLY. (*crossing to l. 3., looking in. Starts back hand before face, apparently shocked. THORNE crosses to fireplace*) Hello, Venus, where are those signals?

DICK. Top drawer of my desk, Billy.

(THORNE watches closely.)

BILLY. (*crossing down to drawer in desk and getting signals*) Aye, aye, sir.

FRANK. (*calling from off r. 1*) You ought to be at meetings, Billy. It's a bad plan to write out signals on paper.

BILLY. I couldn't help it, talk to the faculty.

DICK. Have you got 'em?

BILLY. (*looking at envelope and putting it in pocket*) Yes. Many thanks. (THORNE crosses to hatrack and gets hat and books) Down Siegfried. Keep off my pants.

THORNE. (*crossing to c., relieved*) Say Billy, I haven't washed up yet, just tidy things up a bit, will you? See you later boys. (*exits r. 3.*)

FRANK. All right

DICK. So long.

BILLY. (*crossing up c.*) Say, look how Siegfried is dressed up for the party.

FRANK. (*entering r. 1, putting on tie*) Hey, Billy, you can't keep that pup in here.

BILLY. Can't, eh? Why not?

FRANK. There are going to be ladies here.

BILLY. My Lord, I know that. That's just the reason I brought him over. All he needs is the refining influence of feminine society.

FRANK. Oh, well, put him in here. (BILLY

starts for R. 1.) No. Put him in Dick's room.
(BILLY crosses to L. 3. FRANK exits R. 1.)

DICK. (*coming to door*) No you don't. I don't want the ratty pup in here. (*exits*)

BILLY. I'll bet he's the most intelligent guest you've got all right, all right. (*puts pup in L. 3., without going off*)

DICK. Come, hurry up you lazy loafer, you've got to make the tea or something.

BILLY. (*crossing to c.*) Where is the tea?

FRANK. (*off R. 1*) By Jove, those dubs haven't come back yet.

DICK. (*entering, crossing down to top of desk without coat and vest, his sleeves rolled up*) Say Frank, how about a punch bowl?

FRANK. (*entering R. 1, with wash basin. No coat or vest*) Oh, I suppose the usual.

BILLY. (*c.*) What are you talking about? You can't use that wash basin if there are going to be ladies here.

DICK. I don't believe we need punch anyhow.

BILLY. No. The girls don't drink it, and the men are in training.

FRANK. All right. Exit punch. (*exit carrying bowl high up in the air*)

DICK. (*handing BILLY two plates*) Here, Billy, put these plates over there on the desk. (*BILLY crosses with them to desk down R.*) And then hurry up and put these up on the mantel.

(Enter FRANK. BILLY crosses back to get plates and turns up to put them on mantel. FRANK takes them out of his hands, places them and then goes to window and looks out.)

BILLY. (*to DICK*) Say, Dick, is your sister coming to-day?

DICK. Who, Molly? Well, rather!

BILLY. Then that's all right.

(Enter TAYLOR and ROSS r. 3. They cross down to below couch. FRANK turns from window.)

FRANK. (*scathingly*) Well, have you chaps been off on a drunk somewhere? You've had time enough. (*crosses down c. From the r., they stand in this order, TAYLOR, ROSS, BILLY, FRANK and DICK*)

TAYLOR. Oh, all right. You just try going around and getting the sort of truck girls like to eat.

FRANK. Did you get the tea?

TAYLOR. (*holding up package*) Yes, here you are. English breakfast tea, two pounds. (*passes it to BILLY*)

BILLY. (*smelling it*) Will that be enough?

ROSS. (*to TAYLOR*) I told you we'd better get three.

FRANK. (*thinking*) Let's see. There'll be about twelve people here.

BILLY. (*figuring it on fingers*) That's only a—sixth of a pound a piece. (*passes tea to FRANK who tosses it to DICK. DICK takes it to top of desk and opens it*)

ROSS. (*to TAYLOR, triumphantly*) There now, you see?

TAYLOR. Oh, well, maybe they won't all take tea. Anyhow here are the other things, uneedas, zuzus—(*passes the two packages to BILLY who passes them to FRANK*)

FRANK. (*crossing and putting packages on desk. Disgusted*) I say, we've got a lot of those.

ROSS. (*to TAYLOR*) I told you they had!

TAYLOR. Oh, shut up Freshie! (*names each package in pile in Ross's arms*) Swiss cheese, caviar, potato salad, cheese crackers, pickles—

ROSS. (*dumping packages on couch and holding up a small box*) And mint jujubes.

BILLY. (*and other men ad lib*) Good Lord!

ROSS. (*smiling, self-satisfied*) You see I thought

they'd come in handy for the girls who ate potato salad.

TAYLOR. (*slapping him on back*) Good boy, Freshie! Intellect sprouting.

FRANK. (*crossing L. below desk*) Well, hustle things up boys. Dick keep a lookout and holler when they heave in sight.

(DICK up to window and looks out. TAYLOR unwraps loaf of bread in Ross's bundles and places it on desk R. Ross and BILLY carry stuff from sofa to desk L.)

BILLY. (c.) I wonder what's keeping Strongheart?

FRANK. (*at top of desk*) He was going to give that sub fullback a little extra coaching.

DICK. (*from window*) Here he comes now. (*men all up to window*) Hi—Strongheart! Come up here and work! What? Oh, hang your frock coat!

FRANK. Come on, you promised to help fix the room.

BILLY. Oh, come on up, don't talk so much.

TAYLOR. It's after five now.

BOYS. (*in chorus generally*) Oh, come on—damn your clothes—you look fine. You're all right.

ROSS. (*crossing to r. 3*) Here he comes boys.

TAYLOR. (*crossing to upper c.*) Come on boys, receive the chief!

(All men get down on their knees in a slanting line from r. 3, to desk. From r. 3 they are, ROSS, TAYLOR, FRANK, DICK, BILLY.)

BILLY. Now all together!

ALL MEN. (*raising their arms in air*) "Hail chief." (*they bow to the floor*) "Hail Mighty Warrior." (*they raise their arms*) "Thy Braves Greet Thee." (*they bow to the floor*)

(Enter SOANGATAHA, stands amused and then speaks with mock solemnity.)

STRONGHEART. Gentlemen, this reception touches me deeply. (*men all look up*) I do not know what it is all about, but that does not matter. I love to see your fresh young faces lit up by the innocent joy of childhood, so as Shakespeare says "on with the dance, let joy be unrefined." (*tosses hat on rack and crosses down c.*)

TAYLOR and ALL MEN. (*rising*) Hear! Hear!
Glad you can play old man.

STRONGHEART. Thank you boys, I'm glad too.

DICK. (*crossing r., behind couch*) Come on boys,
get busy.

(Ross crosses to desk with packages, BILLY at desk
with him L. TAYLOR to desk R., gets bread and
knife, FRANK on STRONG's L., DICK on his R.)

FRANK. You oughtn't to wear civilized dress, any-
how. The girls will be awfully disappointed.

STRONG. Why, I thought only your sisters were
coming.

DICK. No. Molly's going to bring a couple of
friends and they'll expect to see you in full war
paint.

TAYLOR. (*holding up bread and knife*) Sure.
They'll expect you to cut bread with a scalping-knife.

STRONG. I did not bring my scalping knife to
New York. The eastern hair comes out by itself.

(FRANK crosses to top of desk.)

DICK. Yes, it's slower here but surer. (*putting hand on STRONG's shoulder*) Say old man, it's great
you can play Thursday.

Ross. (*crossing to couch with plate*) Yes it's
made the whole team feel better.

READE. (*entering R. 3. Samovar held out before him*) Here you are! (*crosses down C.*)

ALL MEN. A-a-a-a-h!

DICK. The Grecian flower maiden.

TAYLOR. (*crossing and taking samovar*) Parsifal with the Grail!

(*Swing it around L., FRANK takes it from him. READE watches nervously.*)

READE. (*warningly*) No, you've got to be careful of this.

TAYLOR. All right, if the naughty Goths and the Vandals come, we'll lock it in the cupboard.

BILLY. (*leaning against the piano*) Hello Tommy. Gee it's good to see you work.

READE. (*to FRANK*) Say Frank, have you finished with those History notes of mine?

ALL MEN. O—O—oh Lord.

DICK. Ye Gods, can't you keep your mind off History long enough to—

FRANK. I know what's the matter with him. He's been talking to that Barnard Senior, with the light frizzy hair and "ideas."

STRONG. (*taking READE by shoulders*) Never fear, my boy. Your precious notes will be returned to you safe as the child in its mother's arms.

FRANK. Safer Tommy.

TAYLOR. (*melodramatically, taking READE's arm*) Sure. A mother when hard pressed by hungry wolves might throw her child overboard as a sort of peace offering. But Tommy would let himself be torn into a thousand fragments before he'd part with one page of those notes. (*slaps him on shoulder*)

READE. That's all right, Taylor. I haven't got eight conditions, anyhow.

BILLY. (*crossing and slapping READE on back*) That's right Tommy. Sie 'em. Besides if you don't get your notes back, I don't pass.

STRONGHEART.

FRANK. (*at desk, holding up handful of tea*) Come, stop this squabbling and pitch in here. How long ought I boil this tea?

BILLY. (*crossing to foot of desk*) Three minutes.

DICK. (*crossing to desk*) Back to the woods, Billy, that's for eggs. (*sits r. of desk*)

BILLY. (*picking up package*) Oh, well, boil it three hours if you want to, I'm not going to drink it.

(*Slams down package and goes up stage. READE crosses to pipe rack and gets pipe. Crosses and stands behind DICK at desk.*)

FRANK. Well, don't get ratty about it.

STRONG. (*crossing to top of desk*) I suppose I shall have to make it myself.

FRANK. Do you know how?

STRONG. No, but I'm a better guesser than you are.

(*Ross exits l. 3. Enters immediately with pitcher of hot water.*)

FRANK. (*stepping to l. of desk*) Come on then.

(*STRONG pulls off the chimney of samovar. Men all stoop and look at samovar, READE and BILLY excepted. BILLY stands c. READE lights match and holds it in hand down stage. Is back of DICK on a line. From r., they are BILLY, READE, DICK, STRONG, FRANK, ROSS and TAYLOR at foot of desk.*)

DICK. (*after a pause*) How does the damn thing work?

READE. When I was in Russia——

ALL MEN. (*turning to him, DICK blows out match*) S-h-h-h-h-h-h-h!

FRANK. (*indicating faucet of samovar*) Press the gargoyle and trust to Providence.

BILLY. (c.) I think it's upside down.

(TAYLOR crosses to L. C.)

ROSS. (*handing FRANK pitcher of water*) "Just add hot water and serve."

TAYLOR. Behold, the future chief of a war-like people making tea for pale-face squaws.

BILLY. (*crossing down c., facing upstage*) Come on, boys, let's have a war dance, (*DICK crosses up window and looks out*) to make him feel at home. What is home without a war dance?

(BILLY crosses to desk, grabs cup and saucer. All men do same and start to dance around desk, whooping, etc. READE dances very seriously. They get once around when DICK rushes down with his hands raised. Men stop, holding their position.)

DICK. Boys, here are the girls! (*rushes into L. 3. Men start rushing about room talking and trying to straighten things and only make it look worse.*)

FRANK. Gosh. Sav Billy, just look around the room and take down any relics that might—er—you know. (*rushes into R. 1*) Oh, Billy, sling that pair of pants in here will you? (*BILLY gets pants from couch and throws them in R. 1*) And Billy chuck that football off the piano will you? (*BILLY does so—throws it R. 1*) And don't forget the champagne bottles and that box of poker chips. Oh, and Billy—

BILLY. (*stopping c.*) Say, what am I, anyhow? A damn pack-horse? Why don't you ask the other men to do something?

(DICK crosses from L. 1 3 to R. 3, running. FRANK rushes out R. 1 to BILLY, and grabs him.)

FRANK. Quick, Billy, those stockings! (*exits r. 3, on the run*)

BILLY. Judas Iscariot! (*rushes up, gets stockings and crosses down to foot of desk*)

FRANK. (*ushering in the ladies*) Come in, Mother. You know Strongheart and Mr. Saunders. (*MRS. N. crosses to l. c., TAYLOR and MAUD cross to piano*) This is Mr. Taylor and Mr. Ross)

(Enter DICK and DOROTHY. DOROTHY crosses down in front of couch. DICK stands and talks to MISS BATES. ROSS L. of MISS BATES. READE talking to MRS. N., FRANK at desk. STRONG below desk.)

BILLY. (*crossing c. to MOLLY*) How do you do, Miss Molly? (*shaking hands*)

MOLLY. Fine, thank you. How's the team?

BILLY. So, so. We need you to look us over, you know.

MOLLY. I see they took you out of guard and put you in at center. (*crosses to STRONG, shaking hands*) Hello, Soangataha. (*crosses up to window with BILLY*)

STRONG. Hello, little one. (*crosses to DOROTHY r. c.*) Miss Nelson.

DOROTHY. I haven't seen you for almost a week. Are you forgetting your old friends?

STRONG. No, we've been kept very busy up here.

DOROTHY. Ah, the old excuse. (*DICK crosses down to her, ROSS and BATES go up to mantel and get photograph*)

(DICK crosses to her r., and all three stand talking.)

FRANK. (*tasting tea*) Mother, I'm going to get you to help us out by showing us how to make tea. You see this is our first offense at anything of this

sort. (*hands her cup. She tastes it and makes a face*)

MRS. N. Good gracious, it's dreadful.

FRANK. (*laughing*) I say Chief, the mater doesn't seem to care for your tea.

STRONG. (*crossing up to c.*) I beg your pardon, Mrs. Nelson, I should have warned you.

MRS. N. You must have made it according to the methods of your medicine men.

(DOROTHY and DICK sit on sofa.)

STRONG. I was afraid it would remind you of medicine.

MRS. N. Don't you boys ever use spoons?

FRANK. Great Scott! We've forgotten the teaspoons.

STRONG. I will try and find some for you, Frank.
(*exits r. 1*)

BETTY. (*up r. c., to Ross who is showing picture*) And what position do you play, Mr. Ross?

Ross. Why—er—you—see Miss Bates, I'm only a substitute thi' year.

FRANK. (*from l. of desk*) Ross, I want to introduce you to Dick's sister, Miss Livingston.

(Ross turns up stage to MOLLY who is in window.)

MOLLY. (*crossing down from window and shaking hands*) Oh, I know you Mr. Ross, you played the last five minutes of the Hamilton game.

(Ross puffed up at her notice, stands and talks to her. BILLY glares at him.)

DOROTHY. (*to DICK*) Dick, those girls haven't thought or talked anything but football since the season began.

DICK. Yes, we're all thinking a good deal of the game up here.

DOROTHY. We're going to be in the front row of the center section, but I suppose you won't be able to see us.

DICK. No, but we'll know you're there, and it'll make us play harder. It means a good deal to a fellow to have the right girl watching the game.

DOROTHY. And will the "right girl" be there, Dick?

DICK. Yes. She'll be sitting in the front row of the center section. You know who it is, Dorothy. I want to win for you.

DOROTHY. Why, Dick, how serious you are. It's only a game.

DICK. Yes, but sometimes the big things of life get mixed up in a game, so that if you lose, you lose everything.

DOROTHY. You're getting morbid, Dick. It's no disgrace to lose.

(Enter THORNE R. 3. Crosses down to DOROTHY, shakes hands. DICK rises.)

THORNE. Ah, how do you do, Miss Nelson? I suppose of course you're talking football. Every other topic strictly forbidden by the head coach.

FRANK. Come on fellows, grub's ready.

(TAYLOR and MAUD move up stage and to the c.)

BILLY and Ross. (charging down to desk) Can't I get you some tea, Miss Molly?

FRANK. Here, you fellows, one at a time. (crosses to c., and hands READE a plate of crackers) Here, Reade, hand these 'round.

(READE hands them to DOROTHY and other women.)

MOLLY. (*crossing down L. of desk*) Here. You boys are driving poor Mrs. Nelson crazy. Let me show you how to keep a crowd of football men in order.

MRS. N. (*relieved*) Thank you, my dear.

MOLLY. (*putting on stern manner and pounding desk*) Now then. What this team needs is more discipline. Team work. You can't all get the ball at once!

DICK. (*crossing to c.*) But look here——

MOLLY. (*very sternly*) Don't talk back. (*men laugh*) Stop that laughing. (*all stop*) Every one of you men has got to realize what depends on this. Nelson, wipe that smile off your face. (FRANK *scowls*. MOLLY *takes up cup of tea*) Seniors first, Captain Nelson. (FRANK *crosses to desk, gets cup and takes it to DOROTHY, DOROTHY and THORNE cross up to window seat*) Saunders! (BILL *gets cup and hands it to READE c.*) Livingston! (DICK *crosses and gets cup, then crosses back to r. c., above couch*)

(MAUD and BETTY *sit on sofa*)

FRANK. (*crossing in front of desk to L.*) All right, Coach, let me handle the team now.

(MOLLY *crosses to front of desk.*)

BILLY. (*crossing down c., facing up stage*) Come on boys, a short yell for the new coach. Ready, one, two, three.

(*Regulation "rooter" leader business.*)

ALL THE MEN. Ray—ray—ray, C-O-L-U-M-B-I-A. New coach, new coach, new coach!

READE. Coach!

TAYLOR. (*slapping him on back*) Take the subway, Reade.

Ross. (*crossing to MOLLY with cup of tea*) Won't you have a cup of tea, Miss Molly?

BILLY. (*crossing to her and pushing Ross away*) Oh, I think you said I might.

MOLLY. (*to BILLY*) Oh, I promised Mr. Saunders. Won't you get me a cracker? (*to Ross*) And Mr. Ross, may I trouble you for the sugar? (*Ross gets it*)

FRANK. Say boys, we haven't had a song yet.

TAYLOR. (*crossing down c.*) That's the cheese. Come on Billy, give us the Faculty song.

BILLY. (*crossing and sitting at piano*) Well, I'm not much of a premiere danseuse on this machine, but here goes. (*strikes a chord, sings very high. His voice breaks*)

DICK. (*others groan, etc.*) Gosh. Cut it out, Billy.

BILLY. (*turning to crowd*) Then everybody sing.

WARN DOG HOWL.

Ross. (*at L. of desk*) Play it lower, that's too high.

BILLY. This is the only key I can play in.

DICK. Say Molly, relieve the situation?

(Ross crosses L., below piano.)

MOLLY. (*above piano*) All right, come on boys. (*sits at piano*. TAYLOR and MAUD cross to piano, READE sits on sofa with BETTY. BILLY crosses to chair R. of desk and stands on it, to lead)

BILLY. (*on chair*) Now boys, all together. Give it to 'em hard. Ready. (*MOLLY strikes chord*) Eins, zwei, drei. Go!

(All sing the faculty song.)

"Faculty Song"

In Heaven above where all is love,
The Faculty won't be there.
But down below, where all is woe,
The Faculty will be there. Singing,
C-O-L-U-M-B-I-A, C-O-L-U-M-B-I-A, C-O-L-U-M-
B-I-A,
Ray, ray, ray for old Columbia,
Cheer, now, boys, she's out of sight;
Ere the sun has sunk to rest in the cradle of the West
In the clouds will proudly float the Blue and White!

(At the end of song dog is heard howling dismally.)

DOG HOWL.

MOLLY. (turning from piano) Why, what's that?

BILLY. (getting off chair) That's my pup.
(crossing to L. 3) Shut up, Siegfried.

(TAYLOR and MAUD cross to c.)

DICK. (down R.) Where's Strongheart?

FRANK. I sent him for teaspoons.

(DICK crosses up to head of couch.)

BETTY. (on couch) He's not a bit like a savage.

(TAYLOR and MAUD c.)

MAUD. Oh, I think he is.

DICK. Well, if it comes to that, what is a savage?

READE. (seriously) A human being in his native state of rudeness.

TAYLOR. (slapping him on back) Oh, back up,

Reade. That's a freshman. (*puts cracker in READE's mouth.* READE is holding plate of them)

BILLY. (*at piano, to Ross who is talking to MOLLY*) A savage is a man who minds his own business.

(Ross turns away.)

TAYLOR. (*to MAUD*) Oh, you saw how quiet he was. If you don't notice him he won't hurt you.

BILLY. Sure. Why, if you make friends with him he'll eat right out of your hand.

MAUD. Oh, I want to talk to him.

BETTY. You know, I feel almost nervous.

(STRONG enters R. 1 with 2 large tablespoons, crosses to c., and hands them to READE who takes them to FRANK L.)

FRANK. Well, Strongheart, did you get the teaspoons?

WARN DOG HOWL.

STRONG. Yes. These are the best I could find.

FRANK. Thanks old man, they'll do.

TAYLOR. (*crossing down c. with MAUD*) Oh, Strongheart, I want to introduce you to Miss Weston.

MAUD. (*crossing to STRONG, bashfully*) Oh, how do you do. I—I—I—I've heard—so much about you. Tell me—how—do you like America.

(Everyone has a quiet laugh at her.)

STRONG. (*seriously*) My people have always been very fond of the place.

MOLLY. (*crossing to L. c., laughing*) I guess you've forgotten, Maud, he's more American than you are.

MAUD. (*very embarrassed*) Oh, yes, of course..

How stupid of me. (*moving down stage*) Mr. Taylor, won't you get me some tea.

(TAYLOR crosses down to her. *They retire up stage.*)

MOLLY. (*crossing to STRONG*) Why, no one has offered you anything to eat.

STRONG. Thank you, I am in training. So I may not even smoke the pipe of peace with you.

(*Dog howls dismally off L. 3. BILLY crosses to L. 3.*)

DOG HOWL.

TAYLOR. You'd better look after your pup, Billy.

MOLLY. Oh, I want to see him.

BILLY. (l. 3) All right, besides they're going to light the library dome to-night, and we can watch it from the study window.

(*All the following lines are spoken to make chatter as the crowd exits l. 3. TAYLOR'S line being heard above the rest.*)

MOLLY. (*running to l. 3, and out*) Fine. It'll be just like moonlight. Come on folks.

BILLY. Fetch the guitar, Frank.

(FRANK does so.)

BETTY. (*crossing*) Oh, Mr. Nelson, Molly said you were going to show us your football relics.

FRANK. Yes, they're in the other room.

TAYLOR. (*following the rest out*) Say, Billy, you'd better tie Siegfried in the other room, he'll commit suicide if he hears you singing right next to him. (*exits*)

STRONG. (c.) He was just trying to join in the chorus.

MOLLY. (*off*) Oh, what a perfect dear.

BILLY. (*off*) Down Siegfried, keep off my—clothes.

DOROTHY (*up to L. C.*) So you're going to play Thursday, after all? (*crosses down L. to desk*)

STRONG. (*crossing down c.*) Yes.

DOROTHY. I'm so glad. Frank says it means that we'll win. Do you think we will?

STRONG. We are going to do our best. But they are very strong this year.

DOROTHY. Never mind. I want you to win this game for Columbia.

STRONG. Only for Columbia?

DOROTHY. Well, for me too if you wish.

STRONG. Then I will play as I never played before for Columbia, and for you. It will be my last game.

DOROTHY. Your last game?

STRONG. Yes. I have received another letter from my people. They are waiting for me to come back to them.

DOROTHY. But you're not going yet?

STRONG. No, not yet. But my college life will soon be over, and then I wish to do for them all the things we have planned out together. Miss Nelson, you do not realize what you have been to me during this past year.

DOROTHY. (*sitting in chair r. of desk*) Have I really then been of any help to you?

STRONG. You have given me more than help, for you showed me my duty to my people. You made me know that the son of a chief must fit himself to govern wisely.

DOROTHY. I did want to help a little. It is so seldom nowadays that one meets a man of high purpose and ideals. And your position gives you a great opportunity.

STRONG. It is you who showed me that. You told me of the advantages civilization would bring

to my people. That when we had learned your ways and obeyed your laws, you would call us brothers. From that day my one thought, my one ambition has been that your words might come true. Your people and mine dwelling together in peace. It is for that I am working, and you showed me the way.

DOROTHY. You give me credit I do not deserve. You have worked alone, (*rises*) and I want you to know, Strongheart, that for what you have done I admire and respect you.

STRONG. (*much moved, but impassive*) Miss Nelson, what you think of my work means very much to me, you have made me very happy.

DOROTHY. (*crossing to L. of desk, towards door*) We'd better join the others.

(STRONG follows her to L. 3.)

MOLLY. (*off*) Oh, please, please, don't whip him.

BILLY. (*entering L. 3, MOLLY following crosses down c.*) Siegfried, do you hear that kind lady begging for you?

STRONG. (*at L. 3*) What is the matter, William, is the pup in disgrace?

MOLLY. (*giggling*) He ate three strings off the guitar, and Frank is putting on new ones in the midst of a most profane silence.

STRONG. Be gentle with him, Billy. After giving him such a name, you cannot blame him if he has a taste for music. (*he and DOROTHY exit*)

MOLLY. You'll let him off this time, won't you?

BILLY. I'll let you buy his pardon.

MOLLY. What with?

BILLY. Five minutes' conversation in here.

MOLLY. Isn't that a big price for such a small dog?

BILLY. Oh, of course you needn't pay it. (*stooping down and shaking dog by collar*) Come on here,

you beast. I'll teach you to eat guitars. I know where there's a belt with a big, fat buckle on it.
(shakes dog)

MOLLY. *(stooping down and taking dog)* Oh, please don't.

BILLY. *(craftily)* Will you buy him off?

MOLLY. *(decidedly)* Yes. *(rises)*

BILLY. *(crossing and putting dog out r. l. Closes door)* Come on, you beast. It's a good thing you had that kind lady to plead for you. *(turns to MOLLY)* Now.

MOLLY. *(looking at watch)* Ready?

BILLY. *(looking at watch)* Ready.

MOLLY. *(sitting comfortably on couch)* Go.

BILLY. *(crossing to upper end of couch)* Now, will you answer my question?

MOLLY. What question?

BILLY. *(pointing L. 3)* The one I asked you in there.

MOLLY. Well, if you really want me to believe that I'm the only girl you ever cared anything about, you've got to do something to prove it.

BILLY. *(sits)* Yes, but gee whiz, a fellow can't do anything heroic nowadays without getting pinched. Now, if you and I'd only lived about 'steen hundred years ago.

MOLLY. Yes, and what would you have done, brave Sir Billy?

BILLY. *(perfectly simply)* Oh, the usual stunts. I'd have browsed around on a nickel-plated plug until I got up against some gazabo that thought his lady fair was the whole cheese. Then I'd tell him he had bats in his belfry, and that I was carrying a pretty fine line of ladies fair myself. Then I'd put him out of business just to show him that my lady fair was the main squeeze.

MOLLY. Sav, Mr. Saunders, you're awfully romantic, aren't you?

BILLY. Yes, I guess I am, now. But before I

met you I was several chips shy on romance. Say, I know what I can do. (*rises, backs to c.*) If you want me to, I'll try and kill the other center for you, next Thursday.

MOLLY. (*rising and crossing to him*) Oh, no, don't kill him on my account. (*rises and crosses*) I'll tell you what you can do. Give me something that means a great deal to you. Something you've sworn you'd never part with. (*BILLY pulls out his watch and offers it*) Some girl's picture or something.

(*During this speech BILLY feels his scarfpin and ring.*)

BILLY. Why, I never was much of a lady's man, Miss Molly, and I guess this list of signals is the only thing I haven't got the right to give away. You see no girl ever thought enough of me to give me anything of her own. (*he has had his hands in his pockets during this speech. Now pulls out his right hand with the stockings in it and wipes his forehead. Sees what he has and quickly passes them behind his back to L. pocket. Then takes out signals from inside pocket*) I suppose these signals might do, because if any one knows that I let them go out of my hands, well, it would be down and out for mine.

MOLLY. (*delighted*) Oh, then I'll hold you in my power, won't I?

BILLY. (*dubiously*) Ye-e-es. (*gives her signals*) I'll have to get them from Taylor. (*moves a step to the L.*)

MOLLY. (*holding the signals out before her*) Oh, it's just splendid to hold a man's honor in your hands.

BILLY. (*crossing and putting his hands under and over hers*) Yes, but don't drop it.

DICK. (*entering L. 3, crosses to L. c.*) Say, Billy, they want you to lead the band. Come on—come on!

BILLY. (*unwillingly*) Oh, all right. (*crosses to*

L. 3, and waits for MOLLY. DICK steps in front of her and turns to BILLY)

DICK. On your way! (BILLY exits. DICK turns to MOLLY and speaks very sternly, folding his arms) Look here, you mustn't take our band master into a corner.

MOLLY. (*imitating*) Now, don't you think that just because you're a few years older you can boss your little sister, because (*kisses him*) you can't. (*runs out L. 3.* DICK stands looking after MOLLY)

DICK. No word from Skinner. I wonder if anything's gone wrong. Oh, what a fool I am.

(Crosses up to window seat and sits, head in hands.

STRONG enters L. 3, sees DICK, closes door.
Noise startles DICK who looks up.)

DICK. What? Oh, it's you, Strongheart?

STRONG. (*crosssing to him*) Yes. What is the matter?

DICK. (*crossing down stage*) Oh, nothing. I've been a bigger fool than usual, that's all.

STRONG. (*crossing down to him*) Dick, you and I are old friends. We have hunted together and faced danger side by side out there in the West. You and Frank are like brothers to me, I know all your moods, and for the last few days I have noticed that you have not been yourself. What is it old man? If a friend can be of any help, tell me all about it.

DICK. Well, you know what an idle good for nothing sort of a chap I've always been.

WARN SONG.

STRONG. I know Dick that you are the most generous faithful friend a man ever had.

DICK. (*crossing to desk and sitting on the edge*) Yes. that's the trouble. I'm too generous, I don't

recognize the difference between spending money of my own, and spending other people's.

(*Off. L., mixed voices heard singing the "Amici."*
Continued until curtain. Words of "Amici.")

SONG:

I.

Our strong band can ne'er be broken,
It can never die;
Far surpassing wealth unspoken,
Sealed by friendship's tie.

Refrain.

Amici usque ad aras,
Deep graven on each heart,
Shall be found unwavering, true,
When we from life shall part.

II.

Memory's leaflets close shall twine
Around our hearts for aye,
And waft us back o'er life's broad track
To pleasures long gone by.

Refrain.

III.

College life is swiftly passing,
Soon its sands are run,
But while we live we'll ever cherish,
Friendships here begun.

Refrain.

(*Music in book "Columbia University Songs," C. H. Ditson Co., B'way., N. Y., \$1.00.*)

STRONG. What have you done?

DICK. I've contracted debts that I have no means of paying. I've been careless about these things before now, but lately I—I've wanted to be better somehow, I've come to care a good deal for a girl, and I've been keeping pretty straight lately, but—now there's the devil to pay.

STRONG. Go on.

DICK. You know the other night, Buckley said I was too fine and told me to break training?

STRONG. Yes.

DICK. I went out and had a few drinks, and then somehow I got to Thorne's room. There was a crowd there playing poker.

STRONG. College men?

DICK. No. I had just drunk enough not to know what I was doing but not enough to show it. When I got through, I had lost three thousand dollars. Then Thorne persuaded me to borrow that much more from him and back Columbia, in the hope of winning it all back again.

STRONG. So you are six thousand short.

DICK. Yes. And more than that depends on the game.

STRONG. More?

DICK. Yes, if we lose I must leave college disgraced and will have no right to speak to—(*hesitates*)

STRONG. To whom, Dick.

DICK. I won't name her now, not even to you. But it's the girl I—

STRONG. *The girl, Dick?*

DICK. Yes. I'd be disgraced in her eyes.

STRONG. Why did not you tell me of this before?

DICK. (*rising from desk*) You haven't any money to spare, Strongheart.

STRONG. (*crossing to l. c.*) That is not the

point. There is some combination here, I do not quite see through. There must be something in it for Thorne.

DICK. Thorne?

WARN CURTAIN.

STRONG. Yes. Thorne saw you were not yourself, and then won your money. Thorne lent you more. Thorne got you to bet. I do not like the looks of it.

DICK. But what has he against me?

STRONG. I do not know. But I will find out. (*rises and takes DICK by the arms*) Look here, old man, you are the only hope we have got in Thursday's game. Now you think football, talk football, eat football, and dream football, and I will just take a hand in this other business myself.

DICK. No, it's a bad mess, Strongheart. You'd better keep out of it.

(“*Amici*” swells for a moment.)

STRONG. (*pointing L. 3*) Dick, do you hear what they are singing in here? “Friends until death.” That is what our college stands for, and am I not one of you?

DICK. (*very firmly*) Yes.

STRONG. Then fight for “her” Dick and whatever comes we will face it together.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE:—*Dressing room of the Columbia team at the Polo Grounds, New York. A dingy white washed room, bare floors and walls. Everything dirty. Door r. 3 opening on to balcony. Large window r. 1. Rows of lockers across back wall and down L. wall. A long bench across stage at back. Shorter bench in front of lockers L. Water bottles, sponges, buckets, towels, blankets and sweaters, etc., lying around on bench, floor and lockers. Backing for door and window r. shows a corner of the field. The Grand stand and gridiron cannot be seen. The general effect is one of confusion. At the end of this act will be found a list of off stage shouts, and the cues for their occurrence are marked in the act. The signals for these shouts should anticipate the cues a bit, or be given exactly on the cue, depending on how far the men are from the scene, and how long it will take the shout to reach the scene after the signal is given.*

TIME:—Two days later. Before the curtain rises crowd is heard as if in distance, singing a Columbia football song to the tune of "Navajo." 1. This is followed by the Columbia yell. The curtain goes up on the letter "U" in the yell. It rises on an empty stage. After the yell there is a long shout, a short pause, after which NASH is heard shouting: "No, I won't." Then enter through door r. 3, JOSH, NASH and TAD. JOSH and TAD support NASH who is cut about the head and his right leg is injured. He is covered with mud and wrapped in a blanket. They take him to c. in front of bench. He struggles to get out. TAD carries bucket of water and sponge and there are several bandages on the bench.

JOSH. Over here, Tad—(*to NASH*) Come on, Tom, let me look at that leg.

(*Lays NASH on floor in front of bench.*)

NASH. (*struggling to get up. TAD holds him*) No, I won't. Say, Josh, why won't they let me play?

JOSH. (*sponging his leg*) Why you can't stand up, Tommy. 2

(*Outside is heard the chant, "Tear 'em up, touch down," four times—followed by "Hold 'em," four times.*)

NASH. (*struggling to get up*) What's that? Why, they've got the ball again. Let me out, damn it, let me out there. (*outside is heard a long, exultant cheer*) There they've scored! Why won't they let me play Josh?

TAD. (*holding NASH*) Naw they ain't scored. The half's over.

NASH. (*exultantly*) Half's over? Then we *held 'em*. (*faints*)

JOSH. (*bandaging his leg*) Sure Tommy. We'll lick the pants off 'em next half.

(Enter r. 3, FRANK, DICK, THORNE, BILLY, Ross, STRONGHEART, followed by fifteen men who make up team and substitutes, also rubbers carrying water bottles and sponges. The team, plastered with mud and dirt, some of them limping and cut to the bench L. also sprawl on floor. Substitutes to bench at back, Ross with subs, who are not dirty like the team. Ross sits on r. end of bench. Men wear blankets. FRANK takes off his blanket and puts it under NASH's head, then sits on floor. Rubbers sponge off faces of team and during the following DICK bandages FRANK's left hand, JOSH bandages NASH's

leg and TAD bandages TAYLOR's head. Also looks the other men over to discover any hurts. The men sit without speaking and keep up a deep panting until BUCKLEY starts to speak to them. After the team gets on, there is a short pause, then enter BUCKLEY in a long, gray coat and soft hat. His voice is heard in the distance before he enters. As he nears the door his voice grows louder. He says "Athletes, my eye. Do you think you can make athletes out of a bunch of cigarette smoking cocktail drinking idiots?" Then he enters R. 3 and going down in the R. corner stands surveying the men with deepest contempt and scorn on his face.)

BUCKLEY. Well, you're a pretty fine lot of football men, you are. You ought to be out somewhere playing ping pong. Do you men realize that the eyes of the University are on you? That if you lose this game you're a disgraced team without a single damn chance to redeem yourselves? I never saw a team play such a silly game way up in the air, high as hell all the time. Ross, come over here. You play tackle next half. (*Ross crosses to lower end of bench L.*) Thorne, you've got to keep low. You missed your tackle twice. Now if you do that again, you come off this team. Three times they got through you, and the second time the whole damn line came through. You ends, whip up your speed, whip it up. Get down that field and be waiting for the ball, and when the man catches it, kill him, down hard in his tracks. Frank, (*FRANK crosses down to him*) keep closer on defence, keep your eye on that ball and fight for every drop there is in you. (*FRANK goes back up stage. BUCKLEY turns to team*) For Heaven help this aggregation, if you lose. Livingston, don't get penalized: you've cost the team twenty yards to-day. And you backs, don't get fooled, if a play don't smell good to you, keep out of it till you see where the ball's

going. Saunders, *fight, fight*—you're a good center but you're too pacific. Don't be so damned polite. Get into the other man and kill him. Get mad, damn it all, get mad. O—O—O—I don't seem to be able to talk a spirit of fight into this team. You're not making an afternoon call, you're playing football, so fight for it every inch of the game. If you do we can pull it through. No one scored last half so they think they can win. But they can't if you'll only show you're true blue and smash it in. You men have been relying too much on Strongheart and Dick, but they can't play the whole game by themselves. Break up their interference and kill the ends. Why you haven't put a single end out of business to-day. Now when you go out on that field you win this game. It's going to be hard as hell but you can do it. And remember that you're representing your University, and you've got to win this game if it kills the whole damn team! That's all.

(*He turns from men who begin to talk in low tones among themselves, objecting to being roasted so unmercifully when they have put up a very stiff game, no one having scored.* DICK crosses to window, BILLY too.)

STRONGHEART. (*rising from floor in front of NASH and crossing down to BUCKLEY R. C. Ross acting nervously on bench L.*) I say, Buckley, look out for your freshman tackle there. He is so nervous and frightened he will be no good.

BUCKLEY. That's the worst of having to put in a fool freshman in the middle of a big game.

STRONG. Oh, the boy is all right, only you've got to make him mad. Go over and insult him.

BUCKLEY. (*looks at STRONG, then nods assent. Crosses to Ross and calls him very sharply*) Here Ross, come here. (Ross rises and crosses to him)

Now, I want you to understand that I'm putting you in this next half to play football, not puss-in-the-corner.

Ross. (*nervously*) I'll do the best I can.

BUCKLEY. Oh, punk! That's what you've always said. But you haven't hurt anyone since the season began. Now you've got to mix it up with someone to-day, or I'll know what the boys say is true.

Ross. Why, what do you mean?

BUCKLEY. They say you're afraid to get in the game. That you want the name of belonging to the team, but you're afraid to fight for it. (*BILLY starts to cross to L. slowly*)

Ross. (*getting mad*) Who the devil said that?

BUCKLEY. Never mind.

Ross. (*madder*) Do you say it yourself?

BUCKLEY. I think from the way you play it's quite likely.

Ross. (*wild*) Look here. Do you think I'm going to let you or any other man call me a coward? No! (*throws down head guard*) You take that back or coach or no coach I'll——

(*BILLY steps down and shoulders Ross to end of bench. Sits him down hard.*)

BILLY. All right, old man, take it out on the other team.

(*Ross very angry fights him all the way back to bench.*)

STRONGHEART. (*to BUCKLEY*) That is all right. He will play good football now.

(*JOSH exits R. 3. DICK crosses to STRONG.*)

DICK. Well, Strongheart, they're not easy to beat, are they?

STRONG. No. But we will do it. They haven't given us that 3-16-8 play yet.

DICK. Maybe Frank's afraid I'll miss it. And you know how much depends on this game for me.

STRONG. Dick, you are the best "back" in America, and you will win this game for Columbia, and for "her" on 3-16-8. Now, don't get down about it. Whoever she is, we will make her proud of you next half.

(STRONG and DICK go up stage c. JOSH comes to door R. 3.)

JOSH. Say Mr. Buckley, Mr. Farley the manager of the other team wants to speak to the Captain.

(All men rise and say "FARLEY?" "What's that?" etc., in tones of surprise and wonder. BUCKLEY crosses to R. 3.)

BUCKLEY. Farley? (turning L.) Frank, look here. (FRANK crosses to him) Farley wants to speak to you.

FRANK. Well, he'd better come in here.

BUCKLEY. (to JOSH) All right, bring him in. (JOSH exits. BUCKLEY turns to men) Now, the manager of the other team is coming in here. What he wants I don't know. But I want this team to look pleased about the game. (to NASH, who is lying on floor) Try and sit up Tom. (NASH does so, helped by TAD and STRONG.) Here he comes. Now damn you look happy!

(Everyone puts on a very broad smile. Enter JOSH R. 3 followed by FARLEY. FARLEY is dressed in a long loose, overcoat, soft felt hat with wide brim and wears a side line badge. Pauses at door. All look at him.)

FRANK. (*crossing to R.*) Come in, Farley. You wished to see me?

(DICK sits on R. end of the bench.)

FARLEY. (*crossing down R.*) Yes, Nelson. I tried to see you before the first half, but could not get at you. I came on rather a disagreeable errand, so I'd better come right to the point. (FRANK, BUCKLEY and FARLEY stand together during this scene extreme R.) There's a man somewhere in Columbia football affairs that ought to be kicked out.

FRANK. What do you mean?

FARLEY. I mean that a complete list of your signals came to me by mail yesterday.

FRANK. Why, it's impossible. What motive could make one of our men betray his team? I can't believe it.

FARLEY. Well, I've heard from a reliable source that some Columbia man has been backing our team heavily. I suppose it was the same man who sent us the signals, and thought you might like to know about it.

FRANK. Then you knew our signals during the first half?

FARLEY. Hold on, Nelson. We make sportsmen at our college, too. Not one of my team has seen this list except myself. (*takes it out of pocket*) We'll try to win this game without any help from Columbia. I give you my word of honor that I myself have not read this list.

FRANK. I beg your pardon, Farley, I was too quick. Your word is quite sufficient. (*extends his hand, FARLEY takes it*)

FARLEY. Well, I won't keep you any longer. I've only done what I thought was the square thing in bringing this back. (*hands FRANK the envelope*) Now, it's up to you. I'll see you later.

(*Exits r. 3 in a dead silence. As soon as he is off FRANK turns to team, mad.*)

FRANK. Boys, some member of this squad is no Columbia man, and has got to be kicked off this team before next half. (*holds up list*) Our signals have been sent to Farley.

ALL THE MEN. (*rising*) What!!!!

(DICK crosses down c. between STRONG and FRANK.)

BUCKLEY. Yes, who's done this? (*crosses to L. C.*)

THORNE. (*crossing down L. C.*) Maybe you can tell by the writing.

(FRANK starts to open the list but cannot hold it in his L. hand which is bandaged. He hands list to STRONG.)

FRANK. Open it for me.

(STRONG takes list, opens it, sees writing, starts and puts the list behind him.)

BILLY. (*when STRONG starts at seeing list*) Well, who is it? Do we know him?

FRANK. (*holding out hand for list*) Let me see it.

STRONG. Do you not think we had better wait until after the game?

THORNE. No. Let's see now.

FRANK. Give it to me.

STRONG. Not now, Frank.

FRANK. Why, what's the matter? Do you know the writing?

STRONG. (*looking at him steadily*) Yes.

(*The team give a start and begin to suspect STRONG.*)

THORNE. This concerns the whole team and the whole team should deal with it.

DICK. (*crossing down between STRONG and FRANK*) Show it to us, Strongheart. A man who would do a thing like this deserves no consideration.

STRONG. You advise me to show it Dick?

DICK. Yes, of course.

THORNE. Come, we can't wait all day.

STRONG. Why are you so anxious to see it now?

THORNE. Because we have a right to know that the man whose shoulder is against our own is an honest man. Come, will you show it to us or not?

STRONG. I will not.

THORNE. If you don't it will look as if you had reasons for concealing it.

STRONG. What do you mean, Thorne?

THORNE. It will look as if the writing were your own.

STRONG. Thorne! (*makes a move toward THORNE, DICK holds him*)

THORNE. Show me the list and if I'm wrong I'll apologize. I've got nothing against your personally, but I want to see the man who wrote that kicked off the team.

BILLY. (*down L.*) Boys, you know Strongheart. If he's got a reason for not showing us this until after the game, it must be all right. I say we leave it until then.

(*The extra men should be divided into several squads of two or three men. Each squad with different lines.*)

ALL THE MEN. No? no. Show it to us now.

STRONG. (*to DICK*) You do not doubt me, Dick?

DICK. Old man, if the signals had been in my writing, would you have doubted me?

STRONG. (*firmlly*) No, Dick, I would not.

(DICK moves up stage and to the L. a bit.)

FRANK. (*to Strong*) I don't doubt you either, old man, but we must make some explanation to the team. Come, out with it.

STRONG. I have no explanation to offer. (*to team*) But boys, I give you my word of honor—

THORNE. It is your honor that is in question.

THORNE. I shall not answer for it to you, Thorne.

FRANK. Thorne, the team has elected officers to manage its affairs, and we don't care for your help.

THORNE. Then, why don't the officers manage its affairs and not let an Indian come here out of a wigwam and run things to suit himself.

(DICK and BUCKLEY stop STRONG and THORNE.)

ALL OF THEM. Show us the list. Let's see it now. We've got a right to see it.

(Kept up strong until FRANK quiets them. STRONG crosses to R. DICK and BUCKLEY go down L.)

FRANK. (*going up to men*) Boys, it's better to handle a matter like this with the greatest secrecy. Meet at my house to-morrow at five o'clock and we'll talk things over. Until then not a word out of this team.

DICK. And remember, boys, that Strongheart has not admitted that it *is* his writing.

THORNE. That's a trick to use to-morrow and I demand in the name of the team, that at least one man see that list *now*.

FRANK. Why?

THORNE. So that to-morrow we shall know it has not been changed.

ALL THE MEN. Yes. Do that. That's a good plan. Show it to someone.

(Kept up until FRANK quiets them.)

FRANK. All right, boys, but you're making a mistake. (turning to STRONG) Strongheart, will you show the list to Billy?

STRONG. Yes.

BILLY. (crossing to c. and speaking to team and THORNE) I'll look at it for you, but I want to say right here, that if it's signed with his name and has got two witnesses, I don't believe it. (crosses to STRONG R., then talk among themselves)

STRONG. You understand, Billy, not a word of this until to-morrow.

BILLY. Sure, word of honor. Let's see the thing.

(STRONGHEART shows it to him, BILLY starts with amazement.)

BILLY. Judas Iscariot! That's Dick's writing.

STRONG. Hush! If Dick knows a word of this he will go all to pieces and we will lose the game.

BILLY. So that's why you're taking the blame.

STRONG. We have got to win this game Billy. And there is a girl out there who must see Dick win it.

BILLY. Strongheart, I'm proud I know you. (an idea strikes him) Holy cat! If that's Dick's writing it must be the list he gave me.

STRONG. How did it get out of your hands?

BILLY. Why—I've got to keep my face shut, Strongheart, for if I squeal now it lets in a girl.

STRONG. A girl?

BILLY. Yes. I gave the list to M—— a girl, and she's made a fool of me. But it isn't right for you to take the blame and I'll tell the fellows——

STRONG. That will not help matters now, Billy.

BILLY. Well, I suppose we've both got to keep mum, to shield a woman's honor, but I wish I could take the disgrace for you. I—Oh, damn everybody. (turns away up stage—to team)

STRONG. (*turning to team L.*) Boys, I want to say one thing. I do not blame you for doubting my word, for the thing must look very suspicious. But if you watch my play next half, you will see which college I want to win. (*a slight stir among the team*)

THORNE. (*stepping forward*) Why you can't—

FRANK. (*quickly and loudly*) Shut up, Thorne!

(DICK pulls FRANK back and FRANK, DICK and BUCK talk in pantomime about keeping STRONG out of the next half. Finally FRANK crosses to STRONG and DICK and BUCK go down L.)

FRANK. Strongheart—I'm afraid that—damn it old man, you know what I've got to say and low it hurts me to say it, but as Captain of the team I have no choice.

STRONG. You mean—they will not let me play next half?

FRANK. Yes, and I can't help it.

STRONG. But I—do you realize, Frank, that this means disgrace?

FRANK. It's as hard for me as it is for you, old man. (*turns to team*) Boys, don't you think we'd better keep Strongheart in the game?

ALL THE MEN. No. No. Not on your life. We can't run any risks this next half. Too much depends on it.

BILLY. Let's keep him in, boys.

THORNE. No. Duty to the team must come before personal friendship and we have no right to let a man play who has sold the game.

STRONG. Boys, can't you trust me until tomorrow? Nothing has been proved against me, and yet you make my disgrace public.

DICK. (*to team*) It's a terrible thing to disgrace a man. Have we the right to do it on mere suspicion?

THORNE. (*down to DICK L.*) It is necessary for the good of the team.

FRANK. The good of the team requires that he play.

THORNE. (*up to FRANK R.*) We don't know that he'll play his game. It's too dangerous and we haven't the right to risk it, have we boys? (*turns to men*)

ALL THE MEN. No. It's too important that we win this next half. We can't take any chances. He ought to be kept out.

ONE OF THE MEN. (*stepping out*) Kick him off the team!

BILLY. (*throwing the man back and going c.*) That's about enough from you. Now you hear me chirp for a while. Some of this push is going to be at Frank's to-night and Strongheart's going to be with us, and I want to remark right here that if any yap out of this gang let's a hint of this business get in front of his teeth, he'll stop going to parties for about three months.

THORNE. (*crossing to BILLY*) Look here, Billy, you're making too much fuss about this Indian (*movement from STRONG*) and I shall say what I please without your permission.

BILLY. If you open your mouth about this to-night, Ralph Thorne, girls or no girls, I'll turn you inside out.

BUCKLEY. (*in extreme L. corner down stage*) Say, stop this infernal private scrapping. We've got a game to think about and time's almost up. "Varsity this way.

(*Team moves down to him L. and forms circle with their arms on each other's shoulders and he in the c. of the ring explaining the next plays in pantomime.*)

STRONG. (*stopping FRANK*) Frank, have you asked Thorne to your house to-night?

FRANK. Yes. But now I'll tell him not to come.

STRONG. No, he must be there.

FRANK. But, didn't you hear?

STRONG. Yes. That is why. Now, do as I say, old man, I have a reason.

FRANK. All right, he may come, but I'd like to punch his head.

BUCKLEY. Come on, men, get ready, get ready.

(*Circle breaks up and men move up stage looking over their harness and fixing their clothes generally preparing for the second half. BUCKLEY crosses to doors R. 3, and stands looking at the team.*)

FRANK. Strongheart, old man, I—

STRONG. It's all right, Frank. If I were in your place, I should do as you have done.

(*FRANK shakes his hand and then joins BUCKLEY up stage. Pantomines to BILL who is talking to*

BUCKLEY to go down stage and talk to STRONG who has crossed to c. BILLY crosses down.)

BILLY. (*to STRONG*) Strongheart, you're saving this game by keeping Dick in it. There are some things a fellow can't say, old man, but I want to tell you that— (*explosively*) God help the man who plays against me next half. (*turns up to stage quickly to team*. STRONG crosses toward L. DICK crosses to him)

DICK. Is there anything I can do, old man?

STRONG. Yes, Dick, hit the line low, and when it comes to 3-16-8 remember I am not behind you.

(*They grasp hands. DICK goes up c.*)

BUCKLEY. (r. c.) Now then, men, don't forget

to smash it in. Everybody out and fight for Columbia. 3

(*Men give a loud shout and exit R. 3. All exit but STRONG who is on bench L., NASH who is on floor c., head towards door, and JOSH who, as the last men exit, brings a blanket down and lays it around STRONG's shoulders.*)

JOSH. Don't ketch cold, Mr. Strongheart.
(crosses to door) Dat's bum luck. (exits R. 3)

STRONG. (after a moment's silence) She told me to win it for her—my last game. (looks at signals. On off stage cue "Ready?" "Yes, Columbia ready? Yes". NASH rises up a little as if to see out window. Then a burst of cheering and sound of a kick. Starting for window) It's up!

STRONG. (starting for window) It's up!

(NASH turns on him quickly with an expression of suspicion and watches him intently. STRONG walks up and down L., trying to control his desire to get out into the game. On cue outside "Tear 'em up, touch down" NASH speaks.)

NASH. Strongheart, that thing's not in your writing, is it?

STRONG. No, Tommy.

NASH. (joyfully) I knew it. Now, tell me what's doing out there.

(Struggles—STRONGHEART crosses to window and NASH gets in a position so that he faces STRONG.)

STRONG. I will. (at window) Oh, Tommy, they're driving us back. It's on our 50 yard line. Now, look out for the left end. I thought so, there it goes around. Now, Thorne, low—Good God. Tommy, Thorne's missed it. They've got a clear

field, no, no, there's Frank. Go on, Frank, go on, you've got him. 4 Now, drive, drive! Good work, good work, he got him, Tommy.

NASH. Where is it? Where's the ball?

STRONG. On our fifteen yard line. Oh, now, boys, you've got to hold 'em. 5 Now, Billy, get into them, get into them. Now, push, shove them back. Kill them, why don't you kill them. That's it, that's it, it's down for no gain, Tommy, 6 we held them. What's the matter? Oh, someone is hurt, of course just at this time. Why can't they—what? (*delighted*) Tommy, it's one of their men—it's their centre. Billy rough-housed him. 7 (*crosses and shakes NASH's hand. Shouts out window*) Good work, Billy.

WARN CURTAIN.

NASH. Is he out of it?

STRONG. (*crossing to window*) No, he is going on playing. 8 Now, they are ready. It is our ball. Oh, Tommy, it is 3-16-8.

NASH. 3-16-8.

STRONG. Oh, if we are going to win it is on this play. Oh, I ought to be in it. Now, careful, boys, it is our one chance. 9 It's up, Tommy. Good work, Dick, good work. Look out, Billy, look out for their end. That's it—kill him. Good work, boys. Oh, Tommy, they're through, no one but Burns in front of them. Run, Dick, run, run. Look out, look out, for Burns. Oh, he's tackled. What? Billy? Good work, Tommy, Billy's got them both in his arms. Oh, he cannot do it. *Yes, he can.* (NASH starts to crawl to STRONG) Good work, Billy, go on just a yard further, just a yard. That's it, Billy, that's it. Over the line, over the line. Oh—he did it, Tommy. (*NASH snatches hold of STRONG's leg and struggles up and looks out of window*) He did it. We've won the game, we have won the game. 10

(STRONG and NASH shout and wave their arms to the team as they come on. Terrible yell outside and then all the men come piling onto the stage, through the window and door, shouting for all they are worth. BUCKLEY comes in last and goes down to the curtain line c. and raises his hands. The men stop their indiscriminate yelling and moving, and give this yell:—

COLUMBIA!

COLUMBIA!

COLUMBIA!

COLUMBIA!

COLUMBIA!

COLUMBIA!

RAY—RAY—RAY, C-O-L-U-M-B-I-A!

CURTAIN.

(Followed by a long, strong shout which keeps up until second curtain. First curtain comes down on the letter "A" in the yell. Shout should die out gradually. On entrance FRANK and DICK cross down to STRONG and shake hands with him.)

CURTAIN.

SONGS OFF STAGE.

SECOND ACT.

LEADER'S LIST.

1.

(Tune—"Navajo.")

C-O-L-U-M-B-I-A,
Onward, Columbia, vict'ry to-day, Columbia,

Cheer our team, boys, game through and through,
Cheer for the White and Blue.

(*A cheer.*)

C-O-L-U-M-B-I-A, Ray—Ray—Ray—C-O-L-U-M-B-I-A.

(*A yell.*)

2.

Tear 'em up, touch down,
Tear 'em up, touch down,
Tear 'em up, touch down.
Hold 'em, hold 'em, hold 'em, hold 'em.

(*A yell. A whistle. Entrance of men.*)

3.

—fight for Columbia!

(*A loud short yell, and team exits.*)

C-O-L-U-M-B-I-A, R A Y—R A Y—R A Y, C-O-L-U-M-B-I-A.

(*Tune—“Dolly Gray”.*)

The good old Blue and White will fix you,
Round your ends they'll quickly glide,
Something tells me that the winners
Will come from Morningside.
See them through the centre ring
There's a touch down right in sight,
Hark! Columbia men are calling,
GOOD WORK, Blue and White.

(*A yell.*)

Ready? Yes. Columbia ready? Yes.

(*A whistle followed by a yell. Tune—“Down where the Wurzberger flows.”*)

Oh, it's down, down, down, where the
 Blue and White goes, goes, goes,
 All the town, town, town, will soon know how we
 vanquish foes,
 A smash thro' the centre, a dash round the end,
 Oh, sure, then, it's useless your goal to defend,
 Five yards may be fine, but a touch down for mine,
 Down the field Blue and White goes.
 Oh, it's down, down, down, where—

Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah!
 Ray, ray, ray, ray, ray!
 Y-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-ah!

Rip 'em up, tear 'em up,
 Rip 'em up, tear 'em up,
 Rip 'em up, tear 'em up,
 Rip 'em up, tear 'em up.

(*A long yell rising very high, then going down, then swelling again.*)

(*Tune—“Battle Cry of Freedom”.*)

Oh, it's tackle hard and low, boys,
 It's nail 'em where they stand,
 Ray, ray, ray, for old Columbia,
 And it's every play a “go”, boys,
 You're the finest in the land,
 Ray, ray, ray, for old Columbia.

(*Refrain.*)

Columbia, forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah,

We are the people, we are, yes, we are.
 Then, it's push 'em down the field, boys,
 We've got 'em on the run,
 Ray, ray, ray, for old Columbia.

(*A yell.*)

4.

(*Refrain of "Battle Cry of Freedom".*)

Columbia forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah,
 We are the people, we are, yes, we are.
 Then it's push 'em down the field, boys,
 We've got 'em on the run,
 Ray, ray, ray, for old Columbia.

5.

Hold 'em, hold 'em, hold 'em, hold 'em.

(*Tune—"Battle hymn of the Republic".*)

Glory, glory for Columbia,
 Glory, glory for Columbia,
 Glory, glory for Columbia,
 This is Columbia's day.

6.

(*LONG YELL—WHISTLE—PAUSE.*)

7.

(*LONG YELL—HAND CLAPPING.*)

Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah!
 Ray, ray, ray, ray, ray.
 Y-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-h!

8.

(WHISTLE FROM REFEREE.)

9.

(Yell, followed by "Battle Cry of Freedom.")

Oh, it's tackle hard and low, boys,
 It's nail 'em where they stand,
 Ray, ray, ray, for old Columbia.
 And it's every play a "go", boys,
 You're the finest in the land,
 Ray, ray, ray, for old Columbia.

(Refrain.)

Columbia, forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah,
 We are the people, we are, yes, we are.
 Then, it's push 'em down the field, boys,
 We've got 'em on the run,
 Ray, ray, ray, for old Columbia.

10.

(Yell.)

(This yell, after the first strong outburst, is kept up quietly in a high key, while the men get to their position outside of backing R. 1 E. On the speech from the stage, "We've won the game", it breaks into a high, long, strong shout and the men all rush on stage yelling for all they are worth. They grab each other and hug and roughhouse the scene generally with movement and noise. BUCKLEY enters last and goes down to the curtain line c. and raises his hands. When he does so all the men stop and give him their attention. On the first drop of his hands

they give a yell with all the strength in their lungs.—

COLUMBIA!

COLUMBIA!

COLUMBIA!

COLUMBIA!

COLUMBIA!

COLUMBIA!

COLUMBIA!

Ray—ray—ray, C-O-L-U-M-B-I-A !

Then the yell starts again and is kept up very loudly until the second curtain, or "Clear" is called. The yell does not stop abruptly, but should die out gradually.)

ACT III.

OFF STAGE MUSIC CUES.

*I. Two step.
(Takes up curtain.)*

Stop—"It is interesting, isn't it?"

II. Waltz.

Warning—"Sister of the hero of the hour?"

Start—"I don't think she's quite recovered yet."

Stop—"Oh, Molly, what am I to do?"

III. Two step.

Warning—"Will you sit out this dance with me?"

Start—"That was yesterday."

Stop—"Been on another tear, Reade?"

IV. Waltz. ("Amoureuse.")

Warning—"Hello, Strongheart, you're late."

Start—“Won’t talk to anyone but you.”

Stop—“Dorothy’s exit R. 3 E.”

V. Two step.

Warning—“If you couldn’t trust me?”

Start—“There’s nothing to be done.”

Stop—“You’re sure nothing will happen to him?”

VI. Waltz.

Warning—“Finish your cigar, Thorne.”

Start—“It will not help you now.”

Stop—“I ask your consent.”

ACT III.

SCENE:—*Library in the home of the NELSON’S.*

TIME.—*Evening of the same day.*

A large, richly-furnished room, hung with tapestries. Furniture and decorations in dark colors. Large window at back c. with curtains. The curtains are drawn apart. Door to hall L. 1 E. Door to dancing room L. 3 E. Door to morning room R. 3 E. Large fire-place R. 2 E. Large library table with rich lamp c. Book rack with telegraph blanks, matches, cigarettes, rich cigar case with cigar and matches in it, box of marshmallows and hatpin on table c. Chairs L. and at back of table, settee above L. 3, arm-chair in front of fire-place—between L. 1 and L. 3, facing down stage. A large fur rug in front of fire-place. A small stand with cigarettes, matches, and a dark-brown bowl with brown and yellow chrysanthemums below L. 1, chair in front of bookcase R. Pedestals with a large fern in a handsome jardinere in front of

bookcase L. and below fire-place R. On mantel, handsome clock and candelabra, also box of matches. Two light brackets with rich globes over each bookcase. At rise foots and first border, white and amber, full up. Turn on reds at cue from stage manager. Should be 8 red lamps in foots on R. side. Calcium steel blue. Remains throughout act. Bunches, white, L. 1 E., to go out with foots, first border and brackets on cue from stage manager. Bunch light for musicians to remain on throughout act. L. 3, Calcium, red, in fire-place, also electric fire-log. Reds in foots, calciums in fire-place and on back drop and border on drop, fire-log, table lamp, bunch for musicians should be independently connected, to stay on throughout act. Everything else off at cue from stage manager. Lights go on again, same as at rise, on cue from stage manager.

.(Two step for rise.)

A dance is going on L. 3. As the curtain rises a two step is being played.

DISCOVERED:—MAUD and READE at table c. MAUDE sitting back of table feeding READE marshmallor on a hatpin. READE leaning against chair L. of table, facing up stage. TAYLOR and BETTY down L. BETTY sitting in chair, TAYLOR standing, smoking and talking to her.

MAUD. (*when curtain is up*) You know, Mr. Reade, it's awfully nice to meet a man who can talk real sense.

(Two step stops.)

READE. It is interesting, isn't it?

(Enter MOLLY and ROSS L. 3. MOLLY crosses down to c. and TAYLOR crosses to c. to greet her as she speaks to him. ROSS crosses down to BETTY and stands talking to her.)

MOLLY. Ah, Mr. Taylor, you haven't said how-do-you-do to me yet.

TAYLOR. (shaking hands) I tried to earlier in the evening, but couldn't break through to you.

MOLLY. A beautiful crawl. But to-night I can forgive a member of the team anything. (dances to R.) Oh, isn't it just splendid. I haven't rested a single minute since we won the game.

TAYLOR. Then, you like being the sister of the hero of the hour.

(DOROTHY enters L. 3, and crosses down to c.)

(Warn waltz.)

MOLLY. I haven't been so proud of anything since I put on my first long frock.

(Ross crosses at back to R.)

DOROTHY. You should have seen her this afternoon, Mr. Taylor, she wanted to get out on that field and help, and I don't think she's quite recovered yet. (crosses to chair in front of fire)

MOLLY. I don't want to recover, thank you.

(Waltz stops.)

ROSS. (crossing down to MOLLY) May I have a dance, Miss Molly?

(READE crosses to BETTY and TAYLOR crosses up to MAUDE.)

MOLLY. Yes, you may have the one after this.

(Ross writes on card and goes up stage followed by MOLLY.)

TAYLOR. (to MAUD) This is ours, you know.

MAUD. (as they exit) You know it's awfully nice to meet a man who can talk clever nonsense.

TAYLOR. I can talk nonsense all right, but as to its being clever—

(They exit L. 3, followed by Ross.)

READE. (to BETTY) Shall we sit it out, Miss Bates?

BETTY. (rising with a sigh) Oh, no, let's dance. (exit L. 3, quickly)

READE. (starting after her) Oh, of course, if you prefer it. Wait for me, please, I'm coming. (exit L. 3)

MOLLY. (crossing down toward L. 1) He's late, isn't he, Dorothy?

DOROTHY. (crossing and sitting in chair L. of table) What? Who?

MOLLY. (crossing to her) Why, Soangataha, of course. Do you know, Dorothy, I shouldn't be a bit surprised if he did it to-night.

DOROTHY. Why, Molly, what on earth are you talking about?

MOLLY. You dear old goose, you know perfectly well what I mean.

DOROTHY. Molly, don't be absurd.

MOLLY. (stepping back) Well, I like that. You must think I'm either blind or a man. Why, anyone who's half feminine could see that he's been head over heels in love with you for a year. (crosses and sits on arm of chair)

DOROTHY. Has he?

MOLLY. Why, of course. It's a perfect romance.

He saves your brother's life, is civilized through love,
and all is gas and gaiters.

DOROTHY. Molly, if I ask you a question, will
you be serious?

MOLLY. As serious as I can be.

DOROTHY. Then, tell me, if he were in love with
you, and asked you to marry him, what would you
do?

MOLLY. Am I supposed to be in love with him?

DOROTHY. Perhaps.

MOLLY. Well, if I were in love with him, and he
proposed to me, I'd say yes before he'd finished ask-
ing me.

DOROTHY. But, his race.

MOLLY. (*rising and stepping back*) Dorothy
Nelson, do you mean to tell me that if you really
loved a man, a thing like that would make any differ-
ence?

DOROTHY. But, what would mother and Frank
say?

MOLLY. Oh, they might be a little startled at first,
but they'd soon get used to it. (*crossing to chair*)
Why, do you love him, Dorothy?

DOROTHY. (*rising*) Oh, I don't believe it's love,
it's just fascination, and yet if it were love, I—
(turns to MOLLY) Oh, Molly, it's terrible to be
afraid of love.

MOLLY. Dorothy!

DOROTHY. This has been growing on me for a
year. I've fought it and fought it, but I can't put it
away. (*crosses to r.*) I'm afraid of it, Molly, I'm
afraid. (*turns to MOLLY*) Oh, it can't be love if I
have that feeling. And yet, there's something about
him that makes all the others seem small. A great
purpose, and absolute truth in his eyes. (*crosses to*
MOLLY) Oh, Molly, what am I to do?

(*Waltz starts.*)

MOLLY. Dorothy, when he speaks to you, never

mind reasons, just say to him whatever your heart tells you to say.

DOROTHY. (*kissing her*) Thank you, dear.

(*Warn two step.*)

BILLY. (*entering l. 1*) Miss Livingston,—Good-evening, Miss Nelson. (*DOROTHY looks at them, sees she is de trop, smiles and exits l. 3. ROSS and DICK enter l. 3. ROSS crosses down to MOLLY's r., and DICK, to back of table*) Miss Livingston, will you sit out this dance with me? I want to talk to you.

MOLLY. I promised this to Mr. Ross, but you may have the next one.

(*Ross gives her his arm and they exit l. 3. Ross laughing at BILLY. BILLY watches them off, mad.*)

DICK. (*after they exit*) What's the matter, Billy? I thought you had secured every two step with Molly.

(*Two step starts.*)

BILLY. (*crossing to r.*) That was yesterday.

DICK. (*coming in front of table*) Something gone wrong, eh?

BILLY. (*going up stage*) I've had a sort of bunco game played on me, that's all.

DICK. Who by?

BILLY. (*coming down stage*) Girl, of course.

DICK. Who was she?

BILLY. (*turning to him*) Say, you talk like an examination paper. I can't tell you who it is, and all I want is to be let alone.

DICK. Oh, all right. I thought maybe I could help you out, that's all.

BILLY. (*crossing to him*) Dick, if you weren't her brother, I could tell you the whole mix-up.

DICK. Oh, then, it's Molly?

BILLY. Yes, how did you—I'm an ass! (*crosses to L. 3*)

DICK. (*laughing*) What are you talking about, Billy?

BILLY. (*going off L. 3*) I don't know, I've got to find Strongheart.

(Enter L. 3 MAUD, *holding up her dress the ruffle of which is torn, followed by READE. She crosses down to c. He goes to r. c.*)

READE. It was very clumsy of me, you know my feet always get in the way when I dance.

MAUD. (*with suspicious sweetness*) Oh, it doesn't matter.

DICK. (*at back of table*) Been on another tear, Reade?

(*Two step stops.*)

(Enter DOROTHY and FRANK L. 3. DOROTHY crosses down to MAUD, FRANK up L. C.)

READE. I wish I knew how you kept off a girl's train.

MAUD. (*turning to DOROTHY*) Oh, Dorothy, a pin?

DOROTHY. (*taking her toward r. 3*) You poor thing. Come with me.

READE. I'm awfully sorry.

FRANK. It's our fault. We should have warned you about Reade.

MAUD. (*stopping, DOROTHY passes on to door*) It doesn't matter (*very bitingly*) a bit. (*she and DOROTHY exit r. 3*)

DICK. Well, Tommy, that makes two to-night.

READE. She said it didn't matter

FRANK. (*crossing to him and putting hand on shoulder*) Oh, Tommy, you've got a lot to learn. You'd better sit out the next one.

READE. I will. (*exit L. 3, looking at his dance card*)

FRANK. (*crossing to R.*) Hasn't Strongheart come yet, Dick?

DICK. No.

FRANK. We've got to talk over that signal business to-night.

DICK. Yes, and there's something else I want to talk to you about.

FRANK. What is it?

DICK. (*very embarrassed*) It's—it's—you see I—have a cigarette. (*hands one from table and lights it for FRANK*) It's about—Dorothy. Frank, I want to ask her to marry me.

FRANK. (*whistling*) Say, that is important.

DICK. If she says it's all right, will you say a good word for me to your mother?

FRANK. You bet I will, Dick, and I hope Dorothy says yes.

DICK. (*happily*) Thanks, old man. I thought it was only square to speak to you first.

FRANK. (*shaking DICK'S hand*. READE enters L. 3, stands at door) Why, you old idiot, you know I'd rather it was you than any one else in the world.

READE. Say, Frank, have you an encyclopedia here?

FRANK. Yes, you'll find all the books up there. (*points to bookcase up L.*)

READE. Thank you. I'm going to explain to Miss Bates the nebula hypothesis. (*goes up to case L. of window*)

FRANK. You're perfectly welcome, help yourself. (*he and DICK start towards L. 3. STRONG enters L. 1*)

(*Waltz warn "Amoureuse"*)

DICK. Hello, Strongheart, you're late.

FRANK. We were afraid you weren't coming.

STRONG. (*crossing to R.*) I was detained by this signal business.

(*BILLY enters L. 3, and crosses quickly down to STRONG R.*)

BILLY. Thank the lord you're here.

DICK. Billy's been having a fit about something and won't talk to anyone but you.

(*Enter DOROTHY and MAUD R. 3. They cross to L. C.*)

(*Waltz starts.*)

FRANK. (*to MAUD*) Have you been able to repair the damage, Miss Weston?

MAUD. Oh, yes.

READE. (*turning away from bookcase and offering his arm*) Shall we finish it, Miss Weston?

MAUD. Which, the dance or the gown?

FRANK. Don't be too hard on him.

(*Exit L. C. READE and MAUD follow talking.*)

DICK. (*crossing up to DOROTHY*) May I have the last to-night, Dorothy?

DOROTHY. Why the last?

DICK. Because that's the one a fellow always remembers.

(*They stand talking and move down stage on cue "Like life, isn't it."*)

STRONG. (*to BILLY*) What have you found out?

BILLY. Dick put that list, with his own hand in the top drawer of his desk, where I found it!

STRONG. Were you alone when you got it?

BILLY. Sure. No—I'm a liar. Thorne was in the room.

STRONG. He had been alone in the room?

BILLY. He was alone when I got there.

STRONG. Good, find out from Dick, whether the list he gave you is the only one he wrote.

BILLY. All right. (*takes a step L. and then back to STRONG*) Say, this affair is just like life, isn't it?

STRONG. How, Billy?

BILLY. (*seriously*) It would be bully fun if it wasn't so damned serious.

DOROTHY. (*quickly*) Are you speaking of the dance, Mr. Saunders?

BILLY. (*very embarrassed, backing up around table to L.*) Oh, no, only life, that's all. (*crosses down to DICK*)

WARN LIGHTS.

DOROTHY. (*crossing to STRONG*) I'm glad you've come.

BILLY. Dick, are you engaged for this dance?

DICK. No, Billy.

BILLY. Then I wish you'd give it to me. I want to ask you a few questions.

DICK. (*going up to L. 3*) Oh, I see, the brother instead of the sister. (*they exit L. 3.*)

STRONG. Am I too late to ask for a dance?

DOROTHY. I didn't know you danced.

STRONG. Your government will not let me. But I hoped you would sit one out with me.

DOROTHY. (*looking at card*) Certainly, shall we say this one?

STRONG. It cannot come too soon for me. Sit here. (*indicating chair in front of fire. DOROTHY crosses and sits*) So that the firelight may fall upon your face as it did so long ago.

DOROTHY. That night of our first camp.

STRONG. Yes.

DOROTHY. How frightened I was at the cry of the mountain lion.

STRONG. It did not show in your face, and your hand was as steady as my own. (*crossing above her*) There, now you look as you did then. The night that began my life. Ah, what a beautiful night it was. We had no walls then to keep the moonlight out, and no lamps to drown the firelight.

DOROTHY. We do not have such nights here.

STRONG. You have them; but you do not use them. See? (*crosses to button above fire-place and touches*

LIGHTS OFF.

it. All the lights but table lamp and Reds in foots go out. Calcium and border on back drop also stay on)
Is not this better?

DOROTHY. Yes. (*leaning toward fire*) Now, I can see again the figures we traced that night in the fire.

STRONG. Do you remember what they were pictures of?

DOROTHY. (*nods her head*) You were telling me the love stories of your people, and showing me each scene in the embers. And I was telling you how different it is with us in the east.

STRONG. But we decided, that after all, love is love, whether it be in the East or in the West. (*kneels in front of fire*)

DOROTHY. But since then surely you have shown the pictures in the fire to someone else.

STRONG. I have shown them to you. I do not wish to show them to another.

DOROTHY. Somehow, whenever I am tired of the noise and rush of all this, I think of those great, silent mountains, smiling up at the sun, or showing to the dark, gray clouds a face as stern and grim as their own, but always peaceful.

STRONG. You do not belong shut between four walls. You have the spirit of the forest. The voice

of the stream tells the same story to you as to me. You understand the message the wind bears when it comes fresh and cool from the snows above.

DOROTHY. Then I want to forget the nothings that form our life here and go out there—alone.

STRONG. Not alone. There is always one in whose company the sunshine is brighter, the wind softer and the peace greater? Miss Nelson, (*rises*) when I told you what you had been to me, I kept back the greatest thing of all. You know my plans and hopes, but the greatest hope I have never told you, the hope of my love.

DOROTHY. Your love?

STRONG. And now I tell you of it, because it is *you* I love. I have waited for two years to tell you. From the moment you came into my life, I knew that your love was the only thing in the world worth having. I am ambitious, I wish to raise my people, but even that seems small, compared with the giant love you have awakened.

DOROTHY. You love me?

STRONG. The thought of you has guided me and has been my strength. And now I speak your tongue, I think your thoughts, and I love you with a love as great as my mountains and as pure as the air about them. Give me the right to tell you more of that love.

DOROTHY. You love me?

STRONG. If I am not what you would have me, let me go on working. Only tell me that it is for you.

DOROTHY. Strongheart, I— (*rises and crosses to c.*) I cannot answer you now, I don't know, I don't know.

STRONG. (*crossing to her*) I will wait. You must be sure, for on your answer hangs the happiness of my life, and, I hope, of yours.

DOROTHY. (*turning to him*) Come for your answer to-morrow.

STRONG. I will leave you now to your thoughts.
(crosses to L. 3) But I will come for my answer to-morrow.

WARN LIGHTS.

(Exits L. 3. MOLLY enters L. 3, and crosses down to c.)

MOLLY. My, how dark it is. *(sees DOROTHY and runs to her)* Oh, Dorothy, it's you!

(They embrace and DOROTHY lays her hand on MOLLY's lips and exits R. 3. MOLLY stands looking into fire. BILLY appears in door L. 3, and looks into room, uncertain whether MOLLY is there.)

WALTZ STOPS.

BILLY. Miss Livingston?

MOLLY. *(turning on lights)* Yes, Mr. Saunders.

LIGHTS ON.

BILLY. *(crossing down L. c.)* I think this is ours.

MOLLY. *(crossing towards L.)* Yes, Mr. Saunders.

BILLY. Do you mind if we sit it out? I want to tell you what's doing.

MOLLY. Yes. *(sighs. Crosses to chair L. of table and sits)* And what is doing?

BILLY. You know I told you that if you lost those signals, it would be down and out for mine?

MOLLY. *(putting her hand to bodice where signals are)* If I lost the signals?

BILLY. Yes, I say "lost" because it's the kindest word to use.

MOLLY. *(rising)* Mr. Saunders, I don't understand a word you're saying, but I gather from your tone that you mean it to be rude.

BILLY. No, I'm trying to put it gently, that is all.

MOLLY. Put what gently?

BILLY. You might have known you'd have been found out.

MOLLY. (*crossing to chair in front of fire, sits*) When you get through with this interesting conversation, perhaps you'll tell me what you're talking about.

BILLY. Well, it's just this. You sent those signals I gave you to Farley.

MOLLY. (*rising, amazed, facing him*). What?

BILLY. There's only one thing can make a woman act that way, and that's—you know. (*crosses to c.*) Why didn't you do the square thing by me and tell me he was *it*?

MOLLY. (*going up towards r. 3*). I have nothing to say to you, Mr. Saunders.

BILLY. Then you might as well know the rest. (*MOLLY stops and turns to him*) One of the team is going to be disgraced to-morrow on your account.

MOLLY. (*crossing down*) Why should he, if I am the criminal.

BILLY. Because a man would rather be knocked out himself than give away a woman.

WARN TWO STEP.

MOLLY. (*coming to him—starting to cry*) Why did you give them to me if you couldn't trust me?

BILLY. (*Backing away*) I did trust you. Oh, I was easy fruit. I'm not excusing myself but you have queered an innocent man's life, and you've knocked out my faith in womanhood all right. Goodbye. (*up to L. 3*)

TWO STEP STARTS.

MOLLY. (*taking a step after him*) What are you going to do?

BILLY. (*turning to her*) There's nothing to be done. Strongheart has made me promise to keep my face shut. Oh, it's only another poor fool added to

the list of men who have trusted women. (*exits L. 3*)

MOLLY. (*taking a step toward L. 3, hands out*) Mr. Saunders!!

(*Starts to cry and goes and sits in chair L. of table sobbing. Enter STRONG, L. 3. He goes to her.*)

STRONG. Why, little one, you are in trouble. (*MOLLY nods her head violently*) Come, tell me all about it.

MOLLY. (*sobbing*) Why, B-B-Billy gave me his list of signals and now he's going to be disgraced for it.

STRONG. Did he tell you this?

MOLLY.. No, he's too noble, but it couldn't be any-one else. (*rises*) Oh, Soangataha, can't you do some thing to save him. He said I'd queered his faith in womanhood.

STRONG. Tell me, little one, how did you come to lose the list?

MOLLY. (*putting hand to bodice*) Why, I didn't lose it.

STRONG. Then how did it get out of your hands?

MOLLY. Why, it hasn't left me for a single instant since he gave it to me. I had a pocket made for it in my dress. (*crosses left, takes letter from her bodice and hands it to STRONG without turning to him*) Here it is.

STRONG. (*taking it eagerly*) It is not Dick's writing. Little one, you need not fear, I think that with this, I can promise you no disgrace will come to Billy or any innocent man. (*MOLLY takes a step towards him looking happier*) But, I must see Billy at once. Will you send him to me, little one?

MOLLY. I'd rather not, if you don't mind. You see he suspected me of treachery and I'll never speak to him again. (*coldly*)

STRONG. Oh, then, would you mind sending Dick

in? (crosses to fire and throws envelope in. Then crosses back to c.)

MOLLY. Oh, no. (starts to exit then turns and comes down to STRONG) Oh, Soangataha, you're sure nothing will happen to him?

TWO STEP STOPS.

STRONG. To Dick?

MOLLY. No, to *Billy*.

STRONG. Well, except your disfavor, I'm sure.

MOLLY. (shaking his hands) Oh, you're a perfect dear!

(MOLLY starts up stage as BILLY enters. As soon as she sees him she draws herself up and goes out very stiffly without looking at him, he stands and watches her, crossing to table as she goes off. Then he turns to STRONG with a "See what I'm up against" expression. STRONG is amused.)

STRONG. Well, what did Dick say?

BILLY. (crossing down to him c.) He only wrote one list and that was the one I got.

STRONG. Good. That simplifies matters.

BILLY. Yes, and it knocks out my last hope. I guess things will be up to me, all right.

STRONG. Look here, Billy. (shows him signals from MOLLY) Do you know where I got this list?

BILLY. (looking at it puzzled) No. It's not the one in Dick's writing we got from Farley.

STRONG. No. It's the one you gave Molly.

BILLY. (very much surprised) Judas Iscariot!

STRONG. I just got it this moment from her. I think if I were in your place I would make my peace with that young lady.

BILLY. (disgusted with himself) Strongheart, they say "There's a fool born every minute," but I guess I used up about five minutes' worth. (crosses up to L. 3)

STRONG. Wait a moment. We have work to do

first. Now, listen carefully, Billy. (*BILLY crosses down to him*) I want you to wait until Thorne is in the room, and then send a telegram to someone in the West End Hotel.

BILLY. Well, fire away. I send a message to the West End Hotel?

STRONG. Yes, you cannot write it yourself on account of your arm. So Thorne must write it for you.

BILLY. I tumble, what's the message?

STRONG. Say, "Left right after game. Awful rush. Back at half-past ten. Billy."

BILLY. All right, but it's too deep for yours' cordially.

Ross. (*off L. 3*) Come on, Thorne, let's have a smoke.

THORNE. (*off L. 3*) All right, old man, I'll be right with you.

STRONG. (*looking towards L. 3*) Now, you stay here and smoke.

BILLY. (*with mock humility*) All right, master. (*gets a cigarette and lights it. STRONG crosses to fire*)

Ross. (*off*) It w^s third down and everything depended on it. (*enters L. 3, followed by THORNE who crosses to P. end of table*) *cig. case. Takes out cigar*) I was right behin' *ε* the time, and the way he put those two end^s out of business, was worth going twenty miles to see.

(*Crosses down to stand below L. 1, and gets a cigarette, and lights it.*)

BILLY. Hello, kid, how's the bum lamp?

Ross. (*hand to eye*) All right, thanks. (*sits in chair between L. 1 and L. 3*)

THORNE. (*at upper end of table*) Well, Billy, how is Lady Nicotine after a ten weeks' absence?

BILLY. Right up to the limit. (*giving a start*)

of surprise) By Jove, I wanted to send a telegram and it's almost too late. Got a pencil, Thorne?

THORNE. (*taking it out of his pocket*) Yes.

BILLY. (*sitting L. of table*) I can't use this wing Just write it for me, will you? There's a blank. (*THORNE takes blank from holder and prepares to write*) W. G. Abbott, West End Hotel, New York. Left—right—after game. Awful rush. Back—at half-past ten. Billy." Thanks old man.

(*THORNE rises and crosses to fireplace, lighting his cigar with match from mantel. STRONG moves up stage as telegram is finished and on. THORNE'S cross goes down to BILLY.*)

STRONG. I will send it for you Billy. (*in a low voice*) Get Ross away.

BILL. (*rising quickly*) Holy Mackerel, that's so! (*crosses to Ross, STRONG down c.*) Say Ross, you mustn't be in here with that eye. (*pulls him up out of chair*)

Ross. Why not?

BILLY. I knew a chap once had an eye just like that, and one day he got tobacco smoke in it and he never got the use of it again.

Ross. But I thought—

(*READE enters slowly L. 3. Crosses to table and very deliberately spears two marshmallows on hatpin.*)

BILLY. (*taking Ross up to L. 3*) I don't believe it's hurt it yet, the patch protected it. Come out here and let me have a look at it. (*pushes him out L. 3, then sees READE. Crossing to him, grabs him by the shoulder and pulls him out L. 3. READE trying to eat marshmallows*)

BILLY. (*as he takes READE off*) You come out

here. I want to ask you a question about the battle of Waterloo.

(*Warn Waltz.*)

READE. Waterloo?

BILLY. Yes, you remember I asked you a—

(THORNE, *seeing he is alone with STRONG, starts for table to lay down his cigar and exit.*)

STRONG. (L. C.) Thorne. (THORNE stops) Finish your cigar, I want to have a talk with you. Look here. (*shows THORNE list of signals. They stand R. C.*) Is not this list of signals in your writing?

THORNE. (*looks at list—starts slightly and then speaks very calmly*) No.

STRONG. Do not lie to me, Thorne, it will not help you now.

(*Waltz starts.*)

THORNE. (*indifferently*) Oh, you seem to think it is in my writing. (*crosses to R. C.*) Well, it's really of very little importance to me what you think.

STRONG. It may become of more importance when I give these two papers to the meeting to-morrow?

THORNE. (*sharply, turning*) What two papers?

STRONG. This list of signals and this telegram which three people saw you write, and which contains the words end, left, right, rush, back and half. The words are identical with those in the list, and prove the two papers to have been written by the same hand. Thorne you sent Dick's list to Farley, and I can prove it. (THORNE turns, throws his cigar in fire and makes a start for STRONG. STRONG stops him with his voice) So, I tell you now, that to-morrow afternoon I shall show the team that you are a blackguard.

THORNE. (*crossing to him*) Look here, you're interfering too much in my affairs. If you give me

away, I'll show Frank and Dick how you have betrayed their confidence.

STRONG. In what way?

THORNE. By making love to Frank's sister.

STRONG. We will not use a lady's name in this discussion.

THORNE. Well, whether we use her name or not, you know I'm right. I've watched you.

STRONG. Well?

THORNE. If you clear Dick's name to-morrow, you help your rival.

STRONG. (*surprised*) Dick, my rival?

THORNE. Come, you can't make me believe you didn't know that.

STRONG. If Dick is the man she loves, she will choose him.

THORNE. But, if you are the man she loves, they will prevent you marrying her.

STRONG. Why?

THORNE. Because you are an Indian! (STRONG moves a step to the L., thinking this remark absurd) If those boys knew you'd made love to her, they'd kick you out of this house.

STRONG. (*facing THORNE*) You lie!

THORNE. You think they are your friends? (*points to window*) Stand behind that curtain and see what they will do when I tell them.

STRONG. (*going to him*) Thorne, you are a coward.

THORNE. It is you who are afraid, because you know in your heart that what I say is true.

STRONG. We shall see.

(Goes up to L. 3 and calls "FRANK—DICK." After STRONG gets to L. 3, THORNE crosses to R. in front of fireplace. After STRONG calls men, he goes down to table c. and stands looking at THORNE. When he stops there, FRANK and DICK enter laughing.)

FRANK. (*crossing down l. c.*) DICK goes to l. As soon as they see something's up they become serious) You called us, Strongheart?

STRONG. Yes. I have been told that I betray your confidence by loving your sister. (*Both men give a start*) I have loved her for two years. For her I have adopted the manners and customs of your people, and if she accepts my love, I ask your consent.

DICK. How could you think that——

FRANK. (*stopping him*) Wait, Dick, this is my affair.

DICK. (*pushing past him to c.*) I have the right to make it mine.

STRONG. You have the right?

FRANK. Yes. I have given my word to Dick.

STRONG. But, she, has she accepted him?

FRANK. No. But whether she cares for Dick or not, you cannot speak of love to her.

STRONG. I have spoken.

FRANK. What!

DICK. You have dared to make love to her?

STRONG. Why should I not?

DICK. Because you are an Indian.

THORNE. You see? (*goes up above chair at fire and remains immovable till the end of the act*)

FRANK. Strongheart, you are one of the finest men I know, but you are not one of us.

STRONG. Neither is a European, yet you would give your sister to one of them.

FRANK. It is not the same thing.

STRONG. No, I have a greater claim. I am *the American*. I speak your tongue, I obey your law, I have lived with you, slept with you, eaten from the same dish, and yet I am not one of you.

DICK. You are not one of us in race! We trusted you with our women, but when you spoke your love you betrayed that trust. You——

FRANK. Wait, Dick. Not so fast.

STRONG. No, let him speak. It is time we understood one another. You called me friend, there was no question of race. I have the same education as you, the same customs, the same feelings.

DICK. Still, you are an Indian!

STRONG. You do well to remind me of that. You have taken from me the land of my fathers, and yet when I live by your laws will not call me brother. I am Soangataha, the son of a chief. In what way am I not your equal?

FRANK. I tell you to keep away from my sister.

STRONG. No. I will try to win her without your consent.

DICK. Now, you show the treachery of your race. You make love to our women—and it was you who betrayed the team.

(FRANK crosses up to L. 3, and looks off.)

STRONG. What? you dare say that?

DICK. Yes, I dare. If you can be unfaithful in the one case you can in the other.

STRONG. Do you mean that?

DICK. Show me those signals.

STRONG. You force me to fight. Good. (*takes out signals*) There are the signals we got from Farley.

(DICK takes them and crosses to L. C. FRANK comes down from door and looks at list with him.)

DICK. (*astonished*) My God, Frank, the writing's mine.

STRONG. It is not my honor, but yours, that is in danger. Now vindicate it yourself.

DICK. (*turning to him*) Then you sent this to Farley?

STRONG. You will have to prove that to-morrow.

FRANK. (*crossing to c.*) Now, you're showing

what you are. I was a fool to bring you into my house.

STRONG. You have reminded me to-night that I am an Indian. Good. An Indian knows how to revenge himself.

DICK. (*crossing down -L.*) Yes, on those who took him into their homes!

STRONG. I was an Indian when you took me! I will not sacrifice my life to your prejudice, I will take my answer from her.

(*Starts up stage on r. of table. FRANK goes up on L. side of table and bars his way to L. 3. DICK up a few steps.*)

FRANK. Strongheart, this is my house. I forbid you seeing my sister!

STRONG. You have not the right. It is for her to decide. If she will accept my love, it is not for you to forbid it.

DICK. (*crossing down*) Have you no sense of honor?

STRONG. (*coming down*) It is you who are false to me, as your race has been false to mine. You have robbed us of all we had, but you shall not take from me the right to love!

WARN CURTAIN.

DICK. You shall not speak of love to her!

STRONG. Do you think you can stop me? No. I will speak now!

(*Starts for door L. 3. Enter DOROTHY L. 3.*)

FRANK. If you dare say another word to my sister—

DOROTHY. (*coming down a step*) Why, boys, what is the matter?

STRONG. Miss Nelson, when I told you of my love you asked me to wait, but you did let me hope.

FRANK. Strongheart, leave my house!

DOROTHY. For shame, Frank. (*down another step*)

STRONG. Miss Nelson, what is your answer?

DICK. Dorothy, you don't understand!

STRONG. She does understand your injustice. She knows it was you who called me from among my mountains to be one of you. I was happy there. You showed me the great life beyond, and now you bid me keep back. You tell me that I may not share it, but must stand outside, because I am an Indian. No. I will not do it!

(DOROTHY starts to cross to him but FRANK stops her by taking her arm.)

FRANK. Strongheart!

DICK. Dorothy!

STRONG. I will come for my answer, to-morrow.

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE:—*Same as Act III. Four o'clock on the following afternoon. The furniture is arranged for the meeting of the team. A chair below L. 1 E. Three chairs between L. 1 and L. 3. Settee above door L. 3. Four chairs up stage in front of window and bookcase L. Chairs R. and L. of table, and one in front of fireplace. The stand that was below L. 1 is now in front of bookcase R. Everything off table c. but bookrack and cigar case. Foots and first border, white and amber, full up. Calcium on back drop, amber to change*

to red on cue from Stage Manager. Firelog and calcium in fireplace out. Reds go on in foots at cue from Stage Manager. Foots and first border are lowered, whites one-fourth, amber three-fourths, at cue from Stage Manager.

DISCOVERED:—FRANK, sitting r. of table, reading. As curtain rises, BILLY's voice is heard off L. 1 E.

BILLY. I don't care to see the ladies, I'll wait in here.

(Enter the Butler with a newspaper which he takes to FRANK and then exits L. 3. BILLY follows him on and goes up back of table.)

FRANK. Hello, Billy.

BILLY. Morning.

FRANK. Survived the mad revels of last night?

BILLY. No. Took cold and spent the night barking my fool head off.

FRANK. (spreading paper out on table) Have you seen your's and Dick's pictures in the paper?

BILLY. (sitting on back of table and leaning over) No. (looks at pictures) Judas Iscariot! Do I look like that?

FRANK. Not enough to hurt you.

BILLY. I suppose this is meant to be Dick?

FRANK. Yes. By the way where is Dick?

BILLY. Up at college. Said he'd be down early. Say, how do things look for him?

FRANK. Pretty bad, Billy.

BILLY. The more I try to figure it out, the more I get lost in the swamp. I guess Strongheart's the only man that can straighten out the muss, and he seems pretty well blued up over it.

FRANK. Have you seen him to-day?

BILLY. Sure. I bunked out in his rooms last night. You see, I left my key in my other pants, and when I got home about two o'clock every yap in the place was dead to the world.

FRANK. Why didn't you whistle?

BILLY. Whistle? Holy Cat, I whistled so loud I woke a cop! But nothing doing. Then I trotted around to Strongheart's rooms and made him put me up for the night. Say, he seemed off his feed. Do you know what's the matter?

FRANK. Is he coming here this afternoon?

BILLY. I suppose so.

FRANK. Did he tell you anything?

BILLY. Not a blooming syllable could I pump out of him, except that he had shown you the list. I'd never seen him so quiet. I guess he's worried about Dick.

FRANK. (*very seriously*) Perhaps.

BILLY. (*rising from table, slapping him on back, and crossing to FRANK's R.*) Here! Here! What's the matter with you? Brace up and pretend you're alive. Dick'll come out all right, so look happy when the team comes. (*looks toward L. 1*) Here comes somebody now.

FRANK. (*rising and crossing to L. c.*) It's Molly.

BILLY. (*retreating up stage*) Holy Cat!

MOLLY. (*entering L. 1*) Hello Frank. (*seeing BILLY and finishing very coldly*) Where's Dorothy?

FRANK. In the morning room.

MOLLY. (*starting for R. 3*) I'll go to her.

FRANK. Wait a minute, Molly. Here's Mr. Saunders.

(BILLY down a step.)

MOLLY. (*stopping c. and speaking very coldly*) Oh, good afternoon. I didn't see you.

(BILLY back up stage, crushed.)

FRANK. I've got to look up some of the boys. Entertain each other, you two, till I get back. (*exits quickly l. 1.* MOLLY runs after him, but before she reaches the door he closes it after himself. BILLY also takes several steps toward l.)

MOLLY. (*running*) Oh, Frank!! (*stands by door very haughtily*)

BILLY. (*crossing to her very embarrassed*) That's a pretty dress you've got on. (*twists cap in his hands*)

MOLLY. (*in society manner*) Yes? And is that a new cap you've got there?

BILLY. (*looking at it in wonder*) No—yes! (*there is a slight pause and then they both start to speak at once. He says, "Miss" and she, "Mr."* Then they both subside. Then BILLY speaks, very firmly) Miss Molly, I'm a mut! (*MOLLY looks interested*) I don't suppose after last night you care to say anything to such a star chump, but I want to tell you that I know, now, just how big an ass I am. And I ask your pardon for what I said yesterday.

MOLLY. (*rising and crossing to c.*) It isn't an easy thing to forgive, being called a traitor to your team.

BILLY. (*following her up*) I know that, Miss Molly. Why, if any other man had said to you what I said last night, I'd have done a two step on his solar plexus. This morning I asked Buckley to kick me, but I couldn't tell him why, so he wouldn't.

MOLLY. (*not turning to him*) But, why did you jump at once to the conclusion that I had sent those signals?

BILLY. Maybe it was because I haven't been thinking of anyone except you for months. Why, things got so bad that I used to have nightmares and dream about you. (*MOLLY moves a step to the r., laughing quietly*) Don't laugh, I really mean it. And unless you forgive me now, I'll do something desperate.

MOLLY. (*slowly*) Well, if you're really very

sorry, I suppose I'll have to forgive you this time.

BILLY. You will? (*extends his hand*)

MOLLY. Yes! (*turns to him quickly and takes his hand and gives it a strong shake causing him to make a grimace of pain*) Oh, I forgot your arm. I'm afraid I hurt you.

BILLY. (*hopefully*) Would you care if you did?

MOLLY. (*softly*) I'm afraid I would.

BILLY. (*putting his arm around her*) Molly!

MOLLY. (*putting her arms around his neck*) Billy!

(As they embrace DICK enters L. 1. Slams door.

The noise startles MOLLY, she gives a low scream and exits R. 3, running.)

MOLLY. O-O-O-h!

(Exits R. 3. BILLY looks after her and then turns and sees DICK. Gives a start of surprise and tries to cover his confusion with talk.)

BILLY. Hello, Dick. D—you walk down from college? (DICK does not answer, but walks toward him very quietly. Then BILLY picks up paper and shows it to DICK) See your picture in the paper? It's real good.

WARN CALCIUM.

DICK. (*taking paper from him*) Come, Billy, I'm too old a chum for that.

BILLY. Well then, old man, give us your fin. It's all fixed.

DICK. (*shaking BILLY's left hand*) Good. She's one of the best little women in the world. (BILLY swells his chest and says "You bet") And she's got one of the best men.

BILLY. (*turning away, embarrassed*) Oh, back up

DICK. So she has promised to be your wife?

BILLY. Judas Iscariot! I forgot to ask her.

(*Exits R. S on the run. DICK watches him amazed, then turns L. as TAYLOR enters.*)

TAYLOR. (*entering L. 1*) Hello, Dick. The team is here.

CHANGE CALCIUM TO RED.

DICK. Is Strongheart with you?

TAYLOR. Yes. (*they go up stage L. of table*)

FRANK. (*bringing on the team L. 1*) Sit down, boys. (*he crosses so upper R. C. Most of the team are more or less battered. They are dressed with great variety. Some of them being well dressed, others in sweaters. They go up to seats upper L.*)

BILLY. (*entering R. 3, with a broad grin*) Hello, girls!

ALL THE MEN. Hello, Billy, Howdy.

BILLY. (*to FRANK*) Frank, it's all O. K.

FRANK. Good boy.

(*STRONGHEART enters L. 1, as he gets to L. C., THORNE goes down to him and speaks.*)

THORNE. You won't give me away? (*STRONG crosses THORNE to R.*) You see I was right, wasn't I?

STRONG. (*on THORNE'S R.*) Yes, you were right. (*crosses to R. in front of fireplace. Enter L. 1 Ross supported by NASH. Ross leads Siegfried on a leash and is pretty drunk. NASH takes him to R. C., takes off his cap, and then crosses to L. C. and stands talking to TAYLOR. TAYLOR goes up stage and crosses to R., and NASH goes to chair below L. 1. NASH limps all through this act*)

Ross. (*as they enter and cross*) I say, B-B-Billy, you forgot your pup.

BILLY. Look here, Ross, I thought I told you to stay in bed.

Ross. That's so. I must have forgotten it. I was out late last night celebrating victory, and I've got a little cold.

BILLY. You've been getting in the way of too many "draughts," all right. (*takes dog from Ross*) Come on, Siegfried, come to your mistress. (*exits R. 3, with dog, and returns immediately and crosses to the chair furthest up stage between L. 1 and L. 3.*) TAYLOR *crosses down to Ross and takes him across the stage to the seat next to BILLY.* TAYLOR *takes down stage chair*)

FRANK. (*standing back of table*) Will the team please come to order. (DICK *sits L. of table*, THORNE *etc.* MEN *all get quiet*) Boys, this is a very nasty business and the sooner it's over the better. You all know what happened yesterday. What we want to find out to-day is the name of the man who sent those signals to Farley.

THORNE. Then, first, we must know in whose handwriting the list was.

TAYLOR. Strongheart's.

ONE OF THE MEN. The Indian's.

DICK. No, boys. Frank has the list and the writing's mine.

(MEN *all give a start and say: "What!"*)

TAYLOR. I don't believe it, Dick.

FRANK. Yes, that's right. Billy recognized it, and so did I.

DICK. (*rising and crossing down L. c., facing up stage*) I've tried to think it out, boys. But I am as much in the dark as you are. The list is mine, and I can't explain how it came into Farley's hands.

THORNE. (*rising*) Boys, in a matter like this,

personal friendship must be sacrificed to justice. If Dick has no explanation to offer, there is only one thing for us to do.

DICK. I have no explanation.

SLOWLY CHANGE FOOTS.

THORNE. Then, you'll have to——

STRONG. (*from down in front of fire*) Thorne!

THORNE. (*crossing down to him quickly*) For God's sake, Strongheart, have you forgotten what he said yesterday?

STRONG. No. But I had almost forgotten how the son of a chief must act. (*crosses and hands telegram THORNE wrote in 3d act to FRANK*) There is the proof of Dick's innocence.

(TAYLOR and BILLY cross and look at it.)

FRANK. (*as THORNE crosses in front of table*) What does he mean?

STRONG. He sent Dick's list to Farley. (*THORNE stops and turns to STRONG*)

ALL THE MEN. (*rising*) What?!? He did?

BILLY. (*in front of table c.*) And tried to throw the blame on Dick.

THORNE. You can get the details from the Indian. (*starts to exit L. 1*)

TAYLOR. (*blocking his way*) Hold on, Thorne. You don't leave here until we've settled with you.

(All Men advance a step threateningly.)

STRONG. Wait, boys. Remember he can never show his face in college again. No man will take his hand. Let him go.

(Men step back and THORNE exits slowly L. 1. When he is off all men heave a sigh and go to DICK

and shake hands with him. Then move back up stage. TAYLOR crosses to R., back of table.)

BILLY. (*rushing to DICK*) Give me your paw, old man. I knew things would come out O. K. (*crosses to c., facing STRONG*) Strongheart, you're a brick. (*turning to team*) Boys, this team owes an apology to the man who saved the game by keeping Dick in it.

TAYLOR. (*crossing down to STRONG's R.*) Sure. Chief, you've made us all feel pretty small. I'm proud you're a Columbia man. (*crosses to L., sees Ross asleep in chair*) Hold on, somebody's got to take that jagged freshman home.

(*Men all laugh.*)

NASH. (*down L.*) It's up to you, Taylor.

TAYLOR. (*pulling Ross out of chair. NASH helps*) Come on, Fresh. (*NASH puts on Ross's cap*)

Ross. (*very maudlin*) Tell the ladies I regret very much—

TAYLOR. Oh, you'll regret it all right. (*exit L. 1. Men start to follow TAYLOR off. FRANK stops them*)

FRANK. Hold on, boys. You've got to have a bite first. Pile in here.

(*Men all exit L. 3, followed by FRANK. BILLY exits R. 3.*)

DICK. (*crossing to STRONG R.*) Strongheart.

STRONG. Well, Dick.

DICK. I thank you for what you've just done. I was a cad last night. I ask your pardon for what I said.

STRONG. Do you take back all you said, Dick?

DICK. No, Strongheart, I cannot. It's not jealousy. Something stronger than you or I has come

between us. You're the finest man I know, but we cannot be friends. Will you take my hand? (*offers hand*)

STRONG. (*slowly taking his hand*) Something stronger than friendship. Yes. Good-bye, Dick. (*the two men look into each other's eyes, then DICK turns and exits slowly L. 3. BILLY enters R. 3., and watches DICK off*) And I thought I was one of them. (*BILLY crossing down to STRONG'S L.*)

BILLY. What's up between you and the boys? . . .

STRONG. The knife of prejudice has cut the ties of friendship.

BILLY. Is that straight?

STRONG. Yes-

BILLY. Then I'm ashamed of my whole damn race, and I'll go and tell 'em so. (*exits L. 3, quickly*)

STRONG. And one woman's love can wipe out all the injustice.

BUTLER. (*entering L. 1*) There is someone here asking for you, sir. He says he's a messenger from your people.

STRONG. I will see him.

(BUTLER *exits L. 1*. DOROTHY *enters L. 3 as BUTLER exits.*)

STRONG. (*seeing her and crossing to c.*) I have come for my answer. Look well into your heart and be sure.

DOROTHY. (*crossing down to c.*) I have looked well, and I am sure. I will go with you.

STRONG. Is it love or pity?

DOROTHY. It is love.

STRONG. Then I can forget everything else. My life shall be your life. Your people will not take me, then come with me to mine. They will worship you. (*door opens L. 1, and BUTLER enters followed by BLACK EAGLE. BUTLER exits immediately, closing door. B. E. is an old Indian dressed in the conven-*

tional blue sack suit and mocassins. His long black hair falls under the collar of his flannel shirt. He wears a loose, red tie, and carries a broad brimmed felt hat in his hand. He stands motionless. STRONG sees him and crosses to him. DOROTHY moves step to the r.) Black Eagle!

B. E. (raising his hand) Kay-lah-kas-lye, Soan-gataha.

STRONG. No, no. Speak English. I cannot think in my own tongue.

B. E. They told me I find you here. I bring message.

(DOROTHY starts to exit r. 3. STRONG speaks, and she stops.)

STRONG. Do not go. (she turns back and he turns to B. E.) Speak.

B. E. No. We no have women in our council.

STRONG. (taking DOROTHY to r. 3) Just for a moment, it will satisfy him. (she exits, he crosses back to B. E.) Well?

B. E. Old chief, your father, dead. (STRONG gives a start and lets his head sink down) You chief! (STRONG raises his head and folds his arms) You go with me, see Great Father at Washington. Then to our people.

STRONG. I will come, and not alone. (points r. 3) Black Eagle, I love her. She will come with me.

B. E. Is there no woman of our people that you want white woman?

STRONG. This is the woman I love.

B. E. No. She not one of us. Can she live in our tepees? Can she eat what we eat? Can she share the life of our people? No. She white woman. She stay here.

STRONG. But she will help us.

B. E. No. It not good. She child of white man.
Your people not take her.

STRONG. Then they are not my people. If they will not honor the woman I love, I will leave them.
(crosses to table in front of chair L.)

B. E. Where will you go? (extends his arms wide, STRONG turns and looks at him and then sinks down in the chair, beaten) You leave them but they always be your people. They sent you to white man to learn his wisdom.

STRONG. And I have only learned to love. (rises)
I cannot give up that love! (crosses down R.)

B. E. (trying to work on his sympathy) Winter snow soon be on land of your people. They poor. They cold.

STRONG. Then let them accept her who will help them.

B. E. (his voice full of hate) No. She white.
Her people make us suffer.

STRONG. The white men have been false to me, but I thought my own would be true.

B. E. We true to you when we say no. Children of chief must no^t be— (STRONG stops him with a gesture) You come with me. You come alone.

STRONG. (crossing to him, making a last stand)
What right have you—

B. E. They poor. But they pay for your wisdom.
It belong to them!

STRONG. Then—

WARN SONG.

B. E. You must choose!
STRONG. (turning to R. 3, after a struggle) My love!

B. E. Your people. (STRONG turns to him)
They crouch over their fires, waiting, waiting.

(STRONG struggles fiercely within himself, crosses

down r. and finally turns to B. E. and points to the door.)

STRONG. Go! I will come!

(BLACK EAGLE *draws himself up and exits l. 1, slowly.* DOROTHY *enters r. 3 as B E. exits. She comes down on STRONG's l. and stands looking at him. He raises his head.*)

DOROTHY. I have heard.

(*Off stage "Amici" starts as in act 1.*)

SONG.

STRONG. Then you realize what it means? My eyes have been blind to all but love. I saw only the sunshine, thought only of happiness. I forgot the winter's cold, the squalid misery of my tribe. I could not take you to that, forgive me for asking you, I had no right to think of love. (*she makes a move towards him*) I have been dreaming a beautiful dream, but I am awake at last.

WARN CURTAIN.

DOROTHY. Whatever your life may be, let me share it, for I love you.

STRONG. And I love you too much to take you from your people and lead you to the hardships of mine.

DOROTHY. You have made me love you. You cannot leave me now. You cannot.

STRONG. Oh, that my life were mine to give you.

DOROTHY. I give you mine. Take it.

STRONG. I must keep faith with them.

DOROTHY. (*turning and sinking in chair s. of table*) Oh, I need you more than they.

STRONG. (*crossing to her*) Out of their poverty, their need, they have educated me to be their chief. No one can take my place. My life belongs to them and they demand it. I must go back to them. I must go alone.

DOROTHY. (*slowly*) And I can only help you by giving you to them?

STRONG. Yes. Honor demands it.

DOROTHY. (*rising slowly and moving to c. of table. She speaks with firmness*) Then, go to them. You must do your life work alone. But always remember (*crosses to him*) I love you, I love you.

STRONG. And I, ah, if I told you how I love you, I would not have the strength to give you up.

DOROTHY. (*up to him*) Strongheart!

STRONG. Oh, my love, my love, go to them while I have the courage to do what is right. It is the law of races.

DOROTHY. It is a cruel law.

STRONG. Good-bye. (*she turns slowly toward L. and starts to go. He holds her hand as far as he can reach, and as she gets by the table she gives a deep heart-breaking sob, and then controlling herself goes up to L. 3. As she reaches it he says*) Good-bye my love. (*she exits L. 3, sobbing*)

STRONG. (*c. turning in front and raising his arms and face upwards*) Oh, great spirit of my fathers, I call to you for help, for I am in the midst of a great desert, alone.

CURTAIN.

JUST PUBLISHED
Nothing But the Truth

A Farcical Comedy in Three Acts

By

James Montgomery
Cast of Characters

Bob Bennett
B. M. Ralston
Clarence Van Dusen
Bishop Doran
Dick Donnelly
Gwen
Mrs. Ralston
Ethel
Mable
Sable
Martha

SCENES

ACT 1. A Broker's Office

ACT 2. Parlor of a Country Home

ACT 3.

TIME: The Present

"Nothing But the Truth" is built upon the simple idea of its hero speaking nothing but the absolute truth for a stated period. He bets a friend ten thousand dollars that he can do it, and boldly tackles truth to win the money. For a very short time the task is placidly easy, but Truth routs out old man Trouble and then things begin to happen. Trouble doesn't seem very large and aggressive when he first pokes his nose into the noble resolve of our hero, but he grows rapidly and soon we see our dealer in truth disrupting the domestic relations of his partner. In fact, Trouble works overtime, and reputations that have been unblemished are smirched. Situations that are absurd and complications almost knotted, pile up, all credited to Truth, and the result of the wager to foster and cherish that great virtue from the lips of the man who has espoused the cause of truth to win a wager.

It is a novel idea and so well has it been worked out that an audience is kept in throes of laughter at the seemingly impossible task to untangle snarls into which our hero has involved all those he comes into contact with. It is a clean bright farce of well drawn characters and was built for laughing purposes only.

William Collier played "Nothing But the Truth" for a year at the Longacre Theatre, New York, and it has been on tour for over two seasons.

After three years continuous success on the professional stage we are now offering "Nothing But the Truth" for amateur production. It is one of the funniest and brightest farces ever written, and it is admirably suited to amateur production.

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